# THE COSHOCTON AGE.

Entered at the Post Office at Coshocton as Second-class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 59. COSHOCTON, OHIO, APRIL 7, 1883. NUMBER 14



HAY & RANSOM'S COLUMN.

FULL AGAIN!

AGAIN FULL!

## Full of What?

Full up with a line of Carpets and Dry Goods that can not be excelled in this county.

We don't want the people to think that we can sell goods from 25 to 40 per cent. cheaper than our competitors. We don't want to see them quelled in that manner.

But we do think that we can do a little better than them. Please note prices, and then call and see if they can be bought elsewhere for the money.

Carpets, extra good, for 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 50 and 60 cents.

Oil Cloths, all prices.

All who have seen our Black and Summer Silks say that we have the largest, prettiest and cheapest line in town.

Think of it, all Wool Nuns Veilings at 25, 30 and 50 cents, all new shades.

Lace Buntings at 12 1-2 and 15 cents.

Good Blue Prints for 8 cents.

Good Gingham 6 1-4c.

Best Brown Muslin in town for 5 cents.

All Wool Cashmeres from 40 cents up. Don't fail to examine our stock of all linen table damask. 60 pieces in all, from 17, 20, 22, 25, 27, 30cts., &c. All linen, all linen.

Come in and see us on our opening days, Friday and Saturday, April 6 and 7.

Yours Truly,

Hay & Ransom,


## COUNTY AND VICINITY.

—Service in Trinity church Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock Sunday School at 9½.

—Rev. S. B. Clark, of Saline, Ohio conducted morning services at the M. E. Church last Sunday.

—The spring time brought Mrs. David Wagoner down into town with her smiles and hand-shaking last Thursday.

—Mrs. Ezra Parker has moved from Plainfield to this city and occupies the late residence of Mrs. Rachel Harbaugh.

—John Miller, of Adams Township, is building a new addition to his house. ....The Evanscreek school will close to-day (Friday.)

—Considerable interest was manifested in the election of School Directors, Monday. Col. E. J. Pocock and Esq. wm. Carnhan were re-elected. The chosen ones give universal satisfaction.

—Mr. J. E. Williams, a graduates of Oberlin, will organize a class in writing in Roscoe, and probably one in Coshocton. He comes well recommended, and is a son of Rev. J. Williams of Roscoe.

—W. H Crawford, a resident of Mill Creek township for the past 42 years, recently purchased the John G. Stewart farm in Jackson township, paying therefor $20,000. And removed there on wednesday last.

—General Manager Briggs, of the C. V. Railway, and Chief Engineer Leycering are in the city. The differences between the C. V. and the Pan Handle have been adjusted, and track laying will be pushed vigorously.

—Mrs. John Burt and Miss Lucy Hay will give a mite society entertainment in City Hall next Thursday evening, April 12. Ice cream and cake will be served. A full attendance and a good social time is expected.

—The attention of our readers is directed to the well displayed advertisement of Messrs. Lee & Gosser the boot and shoe men. They carry a full line of new goods—no old ones on their shelves and can give you bargains. What they say can be relied upon.

—Two fires occurred in Coshocton this week: Tuesday in the roof of a building on Third street known as Fort Sumpter, and ednesday in the residence of Jos. L. Williams, near the new school house building. The damage to the former was small and to the latter about $200. Fully insured.

—Mr. L. W. Robinson, Superintendent of the Union Coal and Mining Company, has handed in his resignation, to taken effect June 1st, and intends to locate elsewhere. Mr Robinson has been a resident of this city for the past four years, and has made many friends who will regret this action. We wish him success in his new undertaking.

—The musical friends of Sarah E. Miller who has long been connected with the Presbyterian choir of Coshocton propose to give for her benefit a grand concert at the Presbyterian Church, Tuesday evening, April 24. A general invitation is given to the public, and a musical treat is promised. Admission 25 cents; friends wishing to give more can hand to the doorkeeper.

—Young Frazier, the Guernsey county school teacher, has been re-arrested upon the charge of killing two pupils last winter. He gave bail and was released. The Guernsey *Times* thus explains the cause of the arrest: "The last grand Jury failed to find a bill against him, and the matter can be presented to succeeding grand juries until he is indicted, though this might have been done without a preliminary hearing, as Frazier has made no attempt to escape. It is proper that there should be another hearing if the friends of the dead boys are not satisfied, or if it is necessary to Frazier's own vindication or the public welfare; and possibly it would be better for Frazier, as well as for the public good, if he should be indicted and have a trial in open court. The failure of the grand jury to indict is a mere avoidance. Acquittal can only be made by a petit jury, and until he is tried Frazier will always be liable to arrest.

—The editor of this paper was absent all of last week, and upon his return was greeted by a long communication from Mr. Albinus H. Stilwell, Prosecuting Attorney of Coshocton county, in which he finds fault with our criticism upon the Fitzpatrick case, and attempts to annihilate us with his "sourkasm." In as much as our readers are familiar with the case, and we are not publishing a journal of ancient history, we content ourselves with giving the closing sentence of this wonderful communication, *verbatim*, etc: "Why *you*, a shallow brained, Shister, editor, should volunteer to break the calm and ruffle the waters, is likely a *mistery* to your readers who are not acquainted with you, but as you are serving your little god the best you know how, you may proceed without interruption, so far as I am concerned." Perhaps it is unnecessary for us to say more about this matter, but one sentence will bear repeating; the remark of Judge Parsons when he threw the case out of court: "*It is an abuse of criminal law in an attempt to collect a fee!*" Does Mr. Stilwell want any further explanation?

### Meeting of Zanesville Presbytery.

The Zanesville Presbytery will meet in Coshocton Tuesday, April 10th. The following in connection therewith, was prepared for our columns by one well acquainted with the programme to be observed:

The opening sermon will be preached at three o'clock, and the organization effected immediately thereafter. In the evening, at 7½ o'clock, a meeting in the interest of Sabbath School work will be held. The services on Wednesday will be occupied with reviews of the records of the churches, the hearing of statistical reports as to additions and benevolent contributions, calls for pastors or the dissolution of pastoral relations, hearing reports of the standing committees on education, missions, &c., and the election of delegates to the General Assembly. On Wednesday evening a meeting in behalf of foreign missions, held in connection with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, will be held. All those various meetings are open to the public, and all in any wise interested are cordially invited to attend them. The W. F. M. Society will hold meetings in the Presbyterian church (the Presbytery being in session at the same hours in the Baptist church) at 9 o'clock a. m., and at 2 p. m. on Wednesday. These meetings are open to any ladies who may desire to attend.

Coshocton is on the extreme eastern line of the Presbytery, and the attendance will hardly be so great as at a more central point. Most of the ministers (31) and representatives of all the churches (46) in the counties of Coshocton, Knox, Licking, Muskingum and Perry, will be present, and these, together with the delegates to the W. F. M. Society will count over a hundred. Rev. W. D. Wallace, of Keene, was Moderator of the last meeting of Presbytery, and will preach the opening sermon, or more probably designate some one else to do it. Mrs. H. G. O. Cary, of Zanesville, is the President of the W. F. M. Society, and will have charge of the exercises thereof. The churches of the Presbytery gave last year about $5,000 to foreign missions more than half collected and disbursed by the W F M Society.

### Temperance Legislation.

Last Wednesday the Legislature agreed to submit to the voters of Ohio two propositions to amend the Constitution. The first on powers the General Assembly to regulate the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and to levy and assess taxes on the sale thereof. The second provides for the absolute prohibition of the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage. Amendment will be found in full in our advertising columns.

### Pouring Turpentine into Mr Fisher's Wounds.

Competition in the matter of supplying our county officers with printed material, is not without its good results, and should be encouraged by the tax payer. In looking through the vouchers in the Auditor's office, we find one wherein Bro Fisher charges the county $180 00 for 6,000 Assessor's blanks. A note mark on the margin indicates that the account was reduced to $150 00, which amount was paid. At their last session the Commissioners awarded the contract, of furnishing the county with 7000 Assessor's blanks, to this office; we agreeing to furnish the same for $31 50, which compared with the number furnished and amount demanded by Mr. Fisher, is a saving to the county of $178.50.

It is unnecessary to say that we are not altogether subsisting on the glory that is connected with a printing office, but on the contrary we always manage to secure a good living profit on every job entrusted to our care. —*Standard-Commonwealth*

### Card of Thanks.

By this means I desire to return my sincere thanks to the citizens of Coshocton who so kindly and efficiently rendered aid whereby my residence was saved from the flames, Wednesday of this week. JOS. L. WILLIAMS.

### An Exciting Election at Warsaw.

The election on Monday at Warsaw was an exciting one. The Republicans nominated but one man for Trustee. Many of the Democrats were dissatisfied with their nominee, and there was a fight between the two rings of the Democracy—the mossbacks and the Young Democracy; a free ballot and a fair count against the South Carolina plan; progressive Democracy against fogyism. The Republicans mostly stayed at home. But the very few Republicans reinforced by a host of Democrats—in all 220, decided by a majority of three that the Rev. James K. Polk Linebaugh was too good a preacher to waste his valuable time in manipulating caucuses and township elections, and thus elected Col. Pren Metham trustee of Jefferson township. Hereafter I do not say there are no progressive Democrats. H. J.

### The Spring Elections.

The result of the spring elections has no political significance being a matter of personal choice with each voter. In Cincinnati the Democrats elected the Mayor and a majority of city officers which is not surprising as that city is generally considered doubtful. Mr. Eshelby, however was elected Comptroller and upon this office the greatest fight was made. The Republicans of Cleveland elect nearly all officers. Gardner, Republican candidate for Mayor was defeated by 3,000 majority. In view of the fact that he was opposed by the Leader, the most influential Republican paper in Northern Ohio, his defeat was a foregone conclusion. Columbus and Toledo, Democratic strongholds elect Republican Mayors. The out look for the Republicans is hopeful and as the legislature has agreed to submit the temperance amendments, nothing will prevent Republican success this fall. To insure this every one must put his shoulder to the wheel and work from now until the election.

In this county the Republicans held their own and made gains in some townships. There was no fight made in Coshocton, only three councilmen and one cometery trustee being elected.

Below will be found returns from each of the townships:

ADAMS TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—Henry Cline R 99; Wm. Zinkon D 114; Joseph H. Powell R 75; Phil. Entley D 112; Stev H. Loveless R 70; Wm. Lyons D 123.

Clerk—C. C Hamilton R 79; J. R. Fisher D 117.

Treasurer—E. T. Stewart R 80; V. E. Bahmer D 113.

Assessor—John Leach R 73; M Zenner D 128.

Constable—James Norris R 80; P. M. Mizer D 120.

BEDFORD TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—James Pigman, R, 22 maj, W. C. McCurdy, R, 29 maj., Herrod Ralston, R, 19 maj.

Treasurer—T. B. Tidball, R, 13 maj.

Clerk—F. M Fortune, R. 25 maj.

Assessor—Wm. Dickerson, R, 11 maj. Constables—Albert Howlett, R, 10 maj. Jabez Bush, R, 23 maj.

BETHLEHEM TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—J. C. Speck D 87; H. Courtright R 75; G. A. Turner D 61; H. Hains R 50; John Whitcraft D 91; Jas. Davis R 56.

Treasurer—J. G. Frederick D 89; G. S. Mowery R 56.

Clerk—C. M Bible D 78; M. Crawford R 61.

Assessor—B H Whitcraft D 82; Alex Evans R 62.

Constables—B H Whitcraft D 98; Alex Evans R 52; C B Horshman D 92; Wm Courtright R 55.

CLARK TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—wm Sutherland D; J A Finlay D; J H Mullet R.

Treasurer—E S Bucklew D.

Clerk—Joseph McGregor D.

CRAWFORD TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—C Kleinknecht D; B M Snyder D; Gabe Lorenz D.

Treasurer—C C Stein D.

Clerk—S P Lower D.

Assessor—C J Bowen D.

Justice of the Peace—B M Snyder D; E S Fisher D

Constables—Abraham Row D, Henry Stroup, D.

FRANKLIN TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—Michael Lapp, D, 83; John Burton, D, 83; B. D Dunfee, D, 81.

Assessor—George Roller, D, 83.

Treasurer—John C. McBane, D, 83.

Clerk—M. W. Wimmer D 83.

Constable—George Roller D 83.

No opposition to the Democratic ticket in this township.

JACKSON TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—T. Wilson, R, 26 maj.; Sol. Infield, D, 7 maj.; D. Benning, D, 4 maj.;

Treasurer—M. G. Hack, R, 46 maj.

Clerk—H. Carhartt, R, 15 maj.

Assessor—J. M. Agnew, R, 28 maj.

Constables—J. Montgomery, R, 9 maj.; J. Underwood, D, 2 maj.

Justice of the Peace—J. S. Squire, R, 45 maj.

JEFFERSON.

The township election here passed off very quietly and the officers chosen were as follows; For trustees, John Taylor, John Fisher, Pren Metham; Treasurer, James Foster, Sr.; Clerk, N. Speckman; Constables, J. H. Carr, Geo. Vanhorn; Assessor, Orange Riley

The Warsaw corporation ticket as elected was the same as that elected at the organization: E. Z. Hays, Mayor; N. Speckman, Clerk; W. A. MacMechan, Treasurer; J. H. Carr, Marshal; Dr. D. Lawson, D. Strom, Dr. P. M. Moore, J. Cline, Jas Hicks and R. C. Frederick, Council.

There was no opposition to the corporation ticket as elected;

Rev. Linebaugh was the regular Democratic nominee for Trustee, but certain alleged crookedness on his part at the nominating convention arrayed the honest democrats against him and the consequence was that he got left It seems that General George W. wants to fight the corporation; he has tried it once now, and got badly left, and whenever the country under the leadership of such men as he tries to beat the corporation they will find themselves behind. The independent Democracy say General George cannot run the Democratic party in this township. If it would do any good I would whisper in G. W's ear advising him to not set himself up as the boss of Jefferson township. He cannot boss it. He is playd out. Honest democrats do not muster under his banner. Witness last election.

KEENE TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—R W Thompson R 41 maj.; W S Mills R 42 maj; C N Beall R 6 maj.

Judge of Electors—R W Boyd R 6 maj.

Treasurer—D R Parkhill R 43 maj.

Clerk—W W Beardsley R 38 maj.

Assessor—F M Oglevie R 42 maj.

Constables—F M Oglevie R 42 maj; John Robinson R 41 maj.

Justice of the Peace—W W Sprague D 7 maj.

LINTON TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—James T. Chadwell, D 183; Simon Roderick, R, 126; Benj. Bordenkircher, D, 182; John C. Miskimen, R, 124; John L. Sicker, D, 210; Thomas F. Magness, R, 142.

Treasurer—John Criswell, D, 207; James Magness, R, 113

Clerk—Jacob Michael, D, 157; Samuel Davis, R, 167.

Assessor—James Kusk, D, 196; R. A. McClure, R, 132.

Constables—Lem. S. Latham, D, 197; James Miskimen, R, 149; John Dollck, D, 183; W. H. Jennings, R, 122; Thomas Patterson, D, 177; A. De Wells, R, 119

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—Robert Portens, D, 110; Hiram Jennings, R, 149; D. L Miller, D, 109; Frank Wolfe, R, 42; Lewis Leighninger, D, 111; Benton Davis, R, 47.

Clerk—W. A. Russell, D, 114; J. W. Brondy, R, 42

Treasurer—M. V. Beard, D, 116; D. C. Walton, R, 41

Assessor—Henry Shaw, D, 122; Tom Norman, R, 28.

Constable—C. A. Vandusen, D, 151; Harry Lewis, D, 79; no opposition.

MILLCREEK TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—Lewis Brown, D, 41 maj.; Geo Lowe D 39 maj; John Merrell, D, 41 maj.

Treasurer—Nicholas Storm D 37 maj

Clerk—F M Patterson D 33 maj.

Assessor—Chas Craig D 23 maj.

Constables—J D Fleming D 71 maj; John Zouk D 35 maj.

MONROE TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—L Smith D 19 maj.; L. Conner D; R Brillhart R.

Clerk—R McDermot D 23 maj.

Treasurer—A Lantz D 9 maj.

Assessor—P Williamson R 4 maj.

Constables—M Richison D 45 maj.; F Stacer D 41 maj.

NEW CASTLE TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—Louis Branscool D 92; Thos Clark R 56; Chas Beal P 30; Mike Dixon D 90; Saml. Hagans R 63; Joe Mills P 21; Isaac Clark D 80; Chas Pascoe R 58; C Johns P 24.

Treasurer—Geo Rodehaver D 80, Thos Holl R 66; J Clark P 28.

Clerk—Levi Fry D 93; W R Richards R 51; J A Spindler P 20.

Assessor—J Buxton D 89; T N Garrison R 53; H Wilson P 30.

Constables—W Lease D 73; O C Miles R 57; D Coggins P 31; A Meredith D 74; H Hughs R 63; B Hagans P 37.

OXFORD TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—J. E. Richmond R 36 maj; Perry Atkinson D 19 maj; Alex. Redic D 1 maj.

Clerk—Wm. Cole R 46 maj.

Treasurer—Alfred Peck D 13 maj.

Assessor—Francis J. Bach D 51 maj.

Constables—E. J. Huston D 24 maj; Thomas Thompson R 3 maj.

PIKE TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—James A. Gardener D 8 maj; Alex Graham D 8 maj; H. M. Gault D 7 maj.

Clerk—Robert Gault D 5 maj.

Treasurer—John Gault D 5 maj.

Assessor—W. A. Noland D 6 maj.

Constables—James Ramsey D 11 maj; Byron Baird D 5 maj.

PERRY TOWNSHIP.

Full returns have not been received, but for the first time in 28 years the Republicans have made a break in the ranks of the Democracy. H. W. Lee, R, was elected Treasurer by 21 majority, and Sanford Cullison Clerk, by 25 majority.

TIVERTON TOWNSHIP.

No Republican nominations having been made, the Democrats had the field to themselves, and elected the following ticket:

Trustees—John A. Lonsinger, 99; John Hayes, 109; Wm. Hunt, 85.

Treasurer—John Stillinger, 112.

Clerk—J. I. Prudy, 112.

Assessor—Stephen Workman, 107.

Constables—John Strouse, 111; Stephen Workman, 108.

VIRGINIA TOWNSHIP.

Straight Republican ticket elected.

Trustees—James Slaughter, 22; David Balo, 23; John Finley, 34.

Treasurer—Emanuel Wright, 23.

Clerk—Abner Cooksey, 23.

Assessor—T. W. Cornell, 23.

Constables—J. C. Norris, 21; James Ogle, 15.

Votes polled, 115.

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—Joseph Parks R 64 maj.; Joseph Dickerson R 74 maj, L. H. Howell R 32 maj.

Assessor—Wm. McBride R 14 maj.

Clerk—A. S. McGinnis, R no opposition.

Treasurer—James Stanford R no opposition.

Constables—Joseph Hardesty D 10 maj.; Mahlon Trego R 15 maj.

Justice of the Peace—Joseph Dickerson R 39 maj.

WHITE EYES TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—F. M. Hilligas D 112; George Frock R 90; John Geib D 115; B. F. Henderson R 87; John J. Lockard D 112; Thomas Hamilton R 105.

Clerk—C. C. Geese D 114; Wilber F. Park R 92.

Treasurer—Alex Phillabaum D 118; Sam F. Boyd R 89.

Assessor—Z. T. Everhart D 120; John H. Dickie R 83.

Constable—David F. Phillabaum D 118; Robert D. Boyd R 87.

### The White.

Another of our citizens made happy by the purchase of a new White Sewing Machine. The well known enterprising, energetic millinery man, Mr. Jas. Duncan, a gentleman who often spoke highly of the White and its mechanicism, and had the pleasure of using one for the past few years, in his shop and at home, and it always gave such satisfaction, both to his lady and his lady milliner, that it was always the machine of his choice, and it must be remembered that Mr. Duncan is a man of great mechanical ability and taste, and an inventor of a machine for which he held patents, and he pronounced the White the best machine made; lightest running and least noise, with greater ease to the operator than any other he ever saw; and it must be remembered that Mr. Wm. Ward is another gentleman of mechanical knowledge; one who superintended the Steel Works for many years in this city, and after inspecting many machines he bought the light-running White in preference to anything now in the market. Both for light running and general satisfaction he declares the White to have no equal, although he could have got other machines at lower figures, yet he would not give up the White.

This is only one or two of the many hundreds of our people in this county who could in like manner give satisfactory evidence of general satisfaction with the light-running White. Sold only by J. W. Shaw, of our city.

—Burns, the Jeweler, can sell you a watch from the greatest variety of any jeweler in Eastern Ohio.

### There is no Doubt

that Dr. J. Anderson & Son carry the *largest and best selected* stock of WALL PAPER AND BORDERS in Coshocton county. 24-2t

### ALWAYS AHEAD.

The Climax Cook stove—the best in the world sold by E. McDonald only.

—Imperial Plow at Talmadge & Davis'.

—Don't fail to call on W. W. Bostwick before buying a watch, as he is at the front with an immense stock. 2t

A large line of Oil Carpets at E. McDonald's cheap.

### Free!

Dr. J. Anderson & Son continue to trim and deliver *free* all WALL PAPER bought of them. 3-24 2t

—The best 40 cent Tea in town at Moore & Caton's.

—Examine the full line of all kinds of jewelry, watches, clocks, etc., now shown by Burns, the Jeweler.

E. McDonald is selling his Table and Pocket Cutlery below cost.

—Imperial Plow at Talmadge & Davis'.

—Rev. J. S Broadwell, pastor M. E. church, of Mansfield, Ohio, one of the finest orators in northern Ohio, will deliver his popular lecture on "That Man," at the M. E. church, in Keene, Ohio, Wednesday evening, April 11, at 8 o'clock. Admission—adults 25 cents, under 12 years 15 cents. Tickets for sale at the stores in Keene. 31-2t

—All the standard brands of Ginghams at 8 cents at Moore & Caton's.

—You will find the nicest stock of Furniture in Coshocton at D. Rose & Son's, at prices that can not be beaten.

—The Improved Malta Cultivators and Hill Side Plows, at Talmadge & Davis'.

—Table-cloth Soap at McNeil & Johnson's.

—Imperial Plow at Talmadge & Davis'.

—Parties in search of bargains in Furniture will do well to see D. Rose & Son at once.

—A fine Linen Handkerchief with each 25 cent box of Toilet Soap at McNeil & Johnson's.

The best Plows in the market sold by E. McDonald. Call and examine them before buying—Oliver Chilled.

—Benj. Coe has anything you want in the Tin line at the lowest prices.

—Imperial Plow at Talmadge & Davis'.

—The best Roasted Coffee in the city at McNeil & Johnson's.

—We have a few odd Beds and Bureaus yet in our stock, and are closing them out regardless of cost.

D. ROSE & SON.

—Another arrival of American Watches at W. W. Bostwick's. Prices way down. 7 2t

—The finest toilet Soaps in the county may be found at Compton's, opposite his old stand.

—Imperial Plow at Talmadge & Davis'.

### WAY DOWN.

Milburn Farm Wagons are selling way down at E. McDonald's.

—For anything in the Furniture line see our stock and prices before you buy: D. ROSE & SON.

### TALMAGE & DAVIS

have the Imperial Plows, the best plows made.

### TIN WARE.

The best line of Tin ware is sold by E. McDonald.

—J. F Compton, the Druggist, is now opposite the old stand, with Burns, the jeweler.

—Matthews makes nothing but first-class work. Call and examine his samples. 111 Second St.

—Go to Moore & Caton's and see that cheap Carpet Warp, which the weavers say goes farther than any warp in the market.

—Rubber Paints at Comptons, opposite his old stand.

—The cheapest line of Summer Skirts in the city at Moore & Caton's

—Largest line of Picture Frames in Coshocton at Matthew's Gallery.

—Go to Moore & Caton's and see Davis & Co's "Success" Shirt with double back. It is a success sure.

—Benj. Coe the well-known stove man opposite the post office will offer some extra bargains during the season. The season approaches when oil stoves will be in demand, and he can supply the best made.

### Love's Young Dream.

The second lecture of the season, to be given under the auspices of the Grace Circle, of the M. E. Church, will be delivered at their Church, Saturday evening, April 14th, by that charming and racy writer, LESTER M. KAYE, so well and favorably known in his triple capacity as author, journalist and lecturer. The subject is one which goes right home to the hearts of the people, and is entitled *Love's Young Dream*. The Litchfield Conn. *Enquirer* has this to say of him:

THEY FALL IN LOVE WITH HIM.—The lecture, "Love's Young Dream," was received with uproarious applause and the audience was at times moved to hearty laughter at the funny side of a young married man's experiences, and then brought to the verge of tears by the pathos of other scenes that occur in every mother's life. A lady remarked to us, "If he can make love as well as he describes it any woman would fall in love with him."

Admission, 25 cents. Benefit of Library Fund.

### Warsaw.

School closed last Saturday.

Mrs. Skillman, of Bethlehem township, died Tuesday last, aged eighty-four years.

J. M. Frederick last week changed his residence from this to Perry township, having purchased what is known as the Stephen Bell farm.

Stephen Donley and family started for Illinois the past week.

John Wagoner moved into his new home in Bethlehem township last Tuesday.

The wagon loads of furniture perambulating the streets for the last few days looked as though the entire town was changing quarters.

LONG PRIMER.


SELBY'S

LOW PRICED CASH

DRY GOODS

—AND—

CARPET

STORE.

We call your attention to our twenty-three new pieces of Carpets received this week.

Cheap, medium and fine goods. We are always glad to show you our line, which you will find nicer and cheaper than elsewhere.

We received this week over 100 new trimed Spring Hats for Ladies and Children. You will save money and get the nicest styles by buying your Spring Hat of us.

Elegant new Dress Goods and Dry Goods of all kinds at surprisingly low prices.

Come and see our New Goods.

Respectfully,

E. O. SELBY.


NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

# SHATTERED LIVES,

OR

## A TERRIBLE SIN.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

"I shan be home by eleven," he said, "and I hope you will be there. I am sorry your father thinks so badly of me, but I bear him no ill-will; a man has a right to do as he likes with his own money, and if he will not help me who then there is an end of it. But you have not made me very welcome, governor!"

"I did not invite you."

"Father!" said Grace."

"And I did not tell you not to come," the old man went on; "but if I had to decide whether you came or stayed away, I would rather you stayed away. At my age a man should be as careful of his time as his money, and get as much pleasure as he can from it."

"A gentle way of saying that you get no pleasure out of me. Well, I am not going to bear malice, we have been friends too long for that, so shake hands, old boy, and say good-bye, for I will never come where I am not wanted."

Rutland put out his hand, with half closed eyes, and a furtive, disagreeably contemptuous smile. Grace pitied Rigby for the patience with which he endured this humiliating treatment.

"You might have been a little more gracious," she said, when he was gone. "There was no occasion to change quite so suddenly."

"To change at all, the change must be sudden and complete," her father said; "and I know this fellow from the sole of his foot to the hair of his head."

Grace left him at ten. Not to obey him were to endanger whatever pleasure there might be left in her mis-spent life, and she was punctual to the time he had named. He was punctual, too, and they stopped together for nearly an hour; then he apologized with something of his old grace for having to go out again.

"They have a stupid wager on at the club as to the result of a new piece out to-night," he said, "and I have to decide which is right. One man condemns it entirely, and another prophesies a qualified success, so half-a-dozen fellows have gone, unknown to each other, to different parts of the house, and I have to take their independent versions separately."

He so rarely took the trouble to excuse himself for late hours that Grace was surprised and touched, and he had not mentioned her father's treatment. She mentioned it, and he laughed carelessly.

"Do not let that trouble you," he said; "he is old and crotchety, and will take another turn in a few days, and that drug stuff does him no good. You should persuade him to go back to business and exert his brain again, otherwise he will either go out of his mind or sink into a state of imbecility. He is certainly very queer in the head, and he may at any time take an overdose of that stuff. He will kill himself one of these times."

His club was not in the direction of Edgeware, but that was the way he went. It was past midnight when he returned to Rutland's house; all the lights were out except a dim one in the hall, and a faint streak seen at the top of the dining-room shutters. He did not knock or ring; he struck a fuzee sharply on the railings and tried to light an obstinate cigar. It would not burn, but he kept on trying with characteristic patience till his fifth and last fuzee had failed him. Then he was about to walk on, but the door was opened quietly from within, and he went into the silence and the gloom.

It was Mansfield who let him in. The man was pale, alert, and sober, though not an hour had passed since the butler and footman had been kind enough to put a pillow under his head and cover him with a carriage-rug, because he was not steady enough on his feet to walk such a distance home at that hour of the night. James Mansfield was a good entertainment companion when he chose, and he had won golden opinions that evening. No one could have been more attentive to the ladies of the lower stairs. Even the housekeeper thought that such a nicely-spoken, well-behaved man could not be the bad husband people said he was, and was quite sorry to see him overcome towards the last; but then he made such delicious punch—subtle, strong, and sweet after a recipe he had from an old officer, and kept them so absorbed that it was quite pardonable.

It was one of the most stringent rules in Mr. Rutland's house, that no followers or friends of any of the servants should stay in the house after a certain hour, and he left it to the housekeeper and butler to see these rules enforced. As a matter of course they allowed the rules considerable latitude, and the underlings followed their example. James Mansfield was not the only one who had been entertained and provided with a lodging at Mr. Rutland's expense. "What the eye does not see the heart cannot see," is, above all others, the servants' proverb.

Hudson Rutland sat up late, quite unconscious that there was a stranger under his roof, and one whom he would not have permitted to stay on any terms whatever. He sat up so long that he thought he might as well remain till Frank came home. He could not sleep. Mr. Rigby had acted upon him like an irritant, and he had recourse to the brandy decanter and the drug phial more than once as the hours wore on. He had one never-failing source of amusement in going through his business books and seeing how his profits had grown year by year.

He was at this pleasant task when sleep overcame him suddenly, and he went to the large morrocco-covered couch intending to take a short nap, and wake when Frank came in. He was awakened—but not by Frank—two men were in the room at the desk of his writing table. The gas was lowered, and both had their faces covered with crape, but he knew them, and his heart stood still—they were James Mansfield and Horace Rigby.

They had taken his keys. He remembered now that it was the touch of a stealthy hand feeling his pockets which first awakened him. He lay quite quiet, feeling that perhaps his life depended on it; but the suspense became intolerable. He heard the lid of the iron safe opened and rifled, and a suppressed exclamation from Mansfield told him they had found the bank notes. Then they began a search through his papers—he knew what for; they wanted the documents he had put in the secret recess.

The minutes were like hours, and he longed most fervently for Frank to come in. He was not far from the bell, but to reach it he must leave the couch and take two steps. He would have ventured so far, but he felt sick and drowsy, and he had a terrible idea that if this one chance failed him they would not hesitate to silence him for ever.

"Here, wait a minute," Mansfield whispered, suddenly, "don't be in such a hurry to put that in your pocket, we are both in for it and we divide."

"Hush!"

"Oh, he's all right. I have locked the door. Let's look," and he snatched a bundle of papers from the other.—"Why, it's bank notes, for how much? One, two, three, four, five hundred, a thousand, two—well, you are a knowing one!—four thousand pounds! and for you to hide them so carefully between some old accounts. I will take my half now."

And he did so, keeping his face turned toward the silent figure on the couch, while at the same time he watched his confederate.

"I should have done the same," muttered Rigby in the same low tone, "but we are losing time, and we must have those papers. They are somewhere in this desk, I will swear."

"Never do anything in a hurry, I never do," Mr. Mansfield observed; "if they are in the desk you shall have them. Try what the keys will do, and if there is any place they won't open leave it to me."

"That young cub may return at any moment," said Rigby, "and then——"

"And then," Mansfield said, contemptuously, "the gas is lowered and the door locked, and he will go straight to bed; the old man will not wake—better for him if he does not, and the servants might sleep till doomsday for I have drugged every one of them. We have got the house to ourselves just now."

There was a wild ferocity in the man's voice, though it was only a whisper, that made the man on the couch feel faint with fear; he would have given twice ten thousand pounds to have been safe in his own bed just then.

Rigby tried the various drawers with the keys, but could not find the papers he required. Seeing that he had failed Mansfield pushed him aside, and began to use the keen edge of his chisel. He had scarcely began before he heard the street-door open, and at the same instant Rutland started up with a cry of gratitude.

"Thank Heaven!" he said, "it is Frank. Now, you midnight villains!"

He was silenced in a moment by a blow that took away his breath, and then a handkerchief that had been soaked in water was pressed over his mouth and nostrils. Frank thought he heard a sound, but a cab was passing as he closed the door. He tried the door of the dining-room, but finding it locked, naturally inferred that his grandfather had gone to bed. He went upstairs singing the last few bars of a waltz, and the old man he would have fought to the death for was being held down without power to move or speak.

"Shut that desk right," Mansfield said, "and bring me the keys. We must give up those papers for to-night. The old man was wide awake, after all, but he could not have seen us in the dark. He is quiet enough now."

Very quiet indeed so quiet that Mansfield partly opened the slide of the small lantern he carried, and looked at him intently.

"Dead!" he said, with an execration. "I did not bargain for this."

It was true. The heavy blow struck over his heart, and followed so quickly by the suffocating pressure of the handkerchief, had finished the work began by disease and dread. Rigby looked so terror-stricken that Mansfield feared he would swoon, and so shook him savagely in silence.

"Listen at the door while I set things straight," he said. "Put that phial by the side of the tumbler he has been drinking from. That's it. Now give me the keys; there they are, where I found them. Now lift up his feet; and so, with a cushion under his head, he will look as if he had over-dosed himself and died in his sleep."

With a callous indifference to the sight of death, that showed what an excellent soldier he must have been when in action, he arranged the poor old man on the couch in such an attitude that he looked exactly as if he were sleeping. Even his features were composed, and there was no sign of violence or pain.

Mansfield poured Rigby out half a tumbler of brandy, and took a similar quantity from the same glass; then he rinsed it with water and poured the water into the tumbler that held the phial. The one he had rinsed he dried on his handkerchief and replaced on the sideboard. Then he held up his finger and listened.

Not a sound broke the silence, the stillness was so dense that a cat could scarcely have crept down the stairs without being heard. He unlocked the door, took Rigby out of the room, then he unfastened the street door. Frank had only put the chain up and turned the key in the large lock; that was opened noiselessly, and Rigby found himself out in the starlit night with two thousand pounds in his pocket and the stain of something like a murder on his soul. If he had been able to keep all the money instead of half, that would not have weighed so heavily.

He wondered how his accomplice would manage, but that gentleman was perfectly able to take care of himself. He relastened the door exactly as he found it, and crept down to the butler's room, where he resumed his friendly rug and pillow; but he did not sleep much, the morning had yet to come.

The two housemaids were the first to wake, they had not taken so much of Mr. Mansfield's strong, sweet punch as the others, and the drug in it did not affect them after the first few hours' deep slumber. They were surprised to find no one about but themselves, until one of them, with a laugh, remembered the preceding evening.

"And it is just as well," she said, "for we are rather late."

The dining-room was always their first care, and they went in together. Seeing Mr. Rutland there apparently asleep, the first who entered drew back. There was something strange about his attitude, but they had too much awe and respect for their master to approach more closely, and they left him.

"I never saw anyone so fond of anyone else as he is of Master Frank!" the chief housemaid observed. "I daresay he sat up for him, and fell asleep—poor old gentleman!"

"That's it, you may depend," said her subordinate; "but Master Frank could not have gone into the room."

"Why not?"

"Because he would have got him up to bed, or covered him over with something; the morning is cold, although it is fine weather."

They went about their work, and contrived to wake the footman over it. They told him not to wake the master who was asleep in the dining-room.

"He will sleep altogether one of these days," observed the footman, "taking so much brandy and water with doctor's stuff in it, and he can sleep as long as he likes. When he wants me he can ring."

A little before eight he went to wake the butler, and finding him unusually drowsy, enlivened him by saying that Mr. Rutland had been ringing for the last half hour.

"Wants his coffee and dry toast," said the butler. "Well! he must wait. Tell him that the kitchen fire won't burn! How this fellow sleeps, and no wonder, considering the punch he took. We must get him quietly out of the area steps. First make him a strong cup of tea, with a dash of something in it. Is the governor in a rage?"

"No, that was only my fun! He's asleep in the dining-room."

"Then we can get Mansfield out. He is a very good fellow, and on capital terms with the women; but letting him sleep here is against the rules, and we should get the sack."

Half-an-hour later James Mansfield, washed and refreshed by the tea and toast so thoughtfully provided, thanked his friends all round for their kindness, and apologized to the ladies for his want of gallantry in going to sleep before them. The cook herself let him out. He did not pass the dining-room window.

"See what it is to have a nerve," he said to himself. "They think he is asleep and are afraid to disturb him. Now that man, even Rigby, who wanted to do me out of my proper share, would have left the room and him anyhow."

It was not long until Frank, eager to tell his grandfather of the delightful evening he had spent, put on his dressing-gown and went into the old man's room, that he saw the bed had not been occupied. He rang at once for the footman.

"Has Mr. Rutland stayed out?" he inquired.

"No, sir; he is asleep in the dining-room. The housemaids saw him there when they went in this morning."

"Then the door was unlocked?"

"Yes, sir."

"I tried it last night when I came in; but I may have turned the handle the wrong way. It must be nearly breakfast time."

"Breakfast is on the table, sir."

"Then I will come down. It is strange he should sleep so long."

He went down, not without a vague misgiving and was struck by the oppressive sense of stillness in the room.

"Grandfather," he said with his heart in his voice—"grandfather!"

There was not a change in the grey pallor of the face, not a stir in the rigid figure; the hand Frank took and tried to lift was like a piece of frozen marble.

"He is dead," he said, to the awe-stricken servant. "He must have been dead or dying when I passed the door last night. I thought it was locked. Dying, perhaps, and I might have saved him—I should at least have been with him."

"Dying, perhaps, and I might have saved him." He little knew how near he was to the dreadful truth, or that the sound of his footsteps so wistfully waited for had been the signal that sent the old man to eternity.

CHAPTER XV.

A REVELATION FROM THE DEAD.

It was never known what had killed the poor old man, sent so suddenly to his long account in the beginning of his late repentance. The doctor, who had attended him for several years, said it was heart disease accelerated by an overdose of his sleeping draught; if he had any lingering doubt it was removed when he heard that he was in the habit of taking the sleeping draught mixed with his stimulants.

"I expressly cautioned him against that," the doctor said, "but it is, I fear, a common practice."

The certificate was made out in due form, and Hudson Rutland, the reputed millionaire, had a funeral as magnificent as plumes, and mutes, and four-horse carriages could make it; men who had known the rugged old man in the city followed from liking and respect, for he had done some generous actions in his day; but out of the many friends, servants, and civic acquaintances, there was only one true mourner—there was no one in the world Frank could have missed so much as he did the grandfather who had loved him so well.

He had asked MacCarthy Blake to be with him; he could not go with any of the others. It sickened him to see Horace Rigby there, by the side of his Aunt Agnes. But he took it as a kindly and grateful thing that James Mansfield, who had not been asked to take part in the following, should have come unobtrusively to the ground and stood there bareheaded, soldierly, and regretful, and when the service was over, gone away, giving forth a sad kind of military salute as he passed.

When the time came for Mr. Gregory, the solicitor from Walbrook, to play his rather important part, some surprise was felt that no mention was made of his son-in-law, Mr. Horace Rigby, or his wife; but Mr. Gregory settled that as he went on.

"With the exception of the legacies I have mentioned," he said, "I may as well say here that my lamented client has left me instructions to deal separately and privately with the remaining bequests, and his grandson, Frank Rutland, is the residuary legatee, and in the terms of his will, Mr. Rutland, I am requested to state here, before the many who have known him, that had the property been ten times as large it would still have been infinitely smaller than the love with which he bequeaths it."

Frank could not say a word. They were standing in the room where he had found his grandfather dead, and Mr. Gregory had unconsciously fallen into his client's voice and manner when he spoke. He bowed, and left the room on the arm of his friend Blake.

"I want to see Mr. Gregory when the crowd is gone," he said; "I have something to give him from my poor grandfather, and you will be present, Mac."

"My dear boy, I will do anything you please. Your grandfather knew you very well when he left you all this money, Frank; but it is rather a singular will—he did not mention your Aunt Agnes. Do you know if I had met her anywhere else I should have taken her for her sister Grace?"

"People say they were very much alike."

"Much! That is no word for it.—Even if one is the twin of the other, the likeness would be remarkable. I could not keep my eyes away from her till I saw her embarrassment and became aware of my rudeness. Apologize to her for me, if I do not see her again."

He did not see her again. Grace was one of the first to leave. Mr. Rigby did not attend at the reading, though he was in the house. James Mansfield was in the house and did attend, and seemed disappointed at not hearing his name mentioned. He consoled himself, however, with the reflection that he was perhaps one of those who were to be dealt with separately and privately.

Mr. Gregory remained till the house was cleared, and then Frank spoke to him about the two packets left by Hudson Rutland.

"Quite right," the solicitor said, "they are in a private part of that desk, and the secret is now known only to yourself. One packet is for me and I am to deal with it according to the instructions I shall find enclosed. I am to keep it intact for three years—until the day on which you attain your majority, in fact. A singularly clear, precise, and conscientious man; my respected client might have left millions behind him had he fully developed his extraordinary business capabilities."

Frank opened the desk and took out the two packets. Curiously as the lawyer watched him, he was as much in the dark as ever as to how the secret drawer was opened. He took his packet with a profound reverence for his departed client.

"There is an ingenuity in that arrangement only equalled by his confidence in you," he said; "for though he gave me precise instructions as to the manner of obtaining these documents, I am afraid I should have had some trouble. I had these precise instructions, Mr. Rutland, so that in the event of anything happening to you I should destroy both packets, by which I am led to infer that one bears a close connection to the other."

MacCarthy Blake stayed with his young friend when the lawyer had gone. Frank did not open the packet; it lay by his side on the table, like an unwelcome letter; he was strangely reluctant to open it.

"The poor old man had no secrets from me in his life," he said. "You know how fond he was of me; even at the last, when he made his will, he said that had the sum been ten times as large it would have still been infinitely smaller than the love he bequeathed with it."

"It may be he left you to set right some wrong done in his earlier days," said Blake. "Men do not like, as they grow older, to confess the follies of their youth while they live—and, forsooth, before you open it I would advise you to promise to yourself, and me, and him, for he loved you tenderly, to obey implicitly all that he asks you there."

"I can do no less," said Frank, with reverent affection, "whatever the task may be. Will you read it for me?"

"Well, there may be something in it not meant for other eyes than your own."

"Whatever it may be I should want your advice."

"Read it yourself, and then give it to me if you like," said Blake, with gentle persuasion.

"Do you know then I am half afraid. You see it may be something concerning myself. I could never induce my grandfather, or my Aunt Agnes, to speak of my father and mother; they always turned the conversation."

"Then this may enlighten you," said Blake, "so take it as you would a cold bath in frosty weather; plunge through the ice and take the whole of the shock at once. A good rubbing will soon set you right, and I will officiate with a rough towel, if necessary."

Playfully as the words were spoken they had more application to the case than he imagined. Frank broke the seal, unfolded the paper, and began to read. He went through it to the end, with a face so changed that Blake went and stood by him."

"Come, come," he said, "do not be unnerved. It would have been better, perhaps, if he had left the task to be done when you were older; but it is always good to know the truth when it is feared."

"Read it for yourself, Blake. Tell me that I am mad, or that he was when he wrote it; but here, you see, they have signed it. Read it. He tells me that I am the son of Mr. Francis Clyde Lorraine—that my mother is living—my Aunt Agnes is his daughter Grace, and that the child who was buried as Francis Clyde Lorraine belonged in reality to my nurse, Susan Mansfield! Blake, look for yourself, and tell me—am I mad or dreaming!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BITTER TRUTH.

In such a time of trial as this Frank could not have had a better friend than Blake. He did not answer the question at once; he took time to consider, and then his words came slowly.

"There is nothing like insanity about you," he said, "and you are not dreaming, and the man who wrote this was quite sane too. It is quite true in every word."

The youth hid his face in his hands; his throat was full and his chest heaved, but he shed no tears.

"You will not realize it yet," his friend went on, "and when you do we will see what is best to be done."

"There is nothing to realize, and nothing to be done if that is true," Frank said, in a firm and hollow voice, "nothing for me but to hide myself. I cannot look at her who is, he tells me, my mother, and I cannot see my friends again—Maude, and France, and Mr. Lorraine, my father. No wonder that I so soon learned to love him. There is the kind old admiral, too, and Mr. Cameron. I must keep this wretched secret, Blake, and hide my mother's sin for my father's sake."

"In that I agree with you," said Blake, with calm and sympathetic gravity, "in the rest, if you will speak of it now, I say you are wrong. You say you will not touch the money. What, then, do you propose to do with it?"

"There are plenty of poor in the world. I will place it in the hands of those who know where to find and how to deal with them."

"There are plenty of poor in the world," the artist repeated, "and you had better find them for yourself. There are those who know where to find and how to deal with them; but they do not look for those you would like to find, and they do not deal with them as you would wish. The genuine poor get very little money from the professional philanthropist and the paid almoner. Money is power. It is always a sacred trust, and in your hands will be used wisely. Mr. Rutland knew that when he left it to you. Now, secondly—I see in it the yearning of a repentant man to make atonement, and he chose you as the instrument because he loved and trusted you, and you promised, Frank, just now, that you would accept any responsibility he cast upon you, no matter how hard the task might be."

"Did I think it could be such a task as this?"

"Where would have been the value of your promise if you had? And here, again—was it not a kindly thought on the old man's part to let you know you are of high birth? You have told me yourself that, if you could have chosen your own father, you would have chosen Mr. Lorraine."

"And I can never ask him to acknowledge me."

"That does not make him the less your father. You have won his regard as a stranger, and you can look at him with your own proud secret in your heart. You know within yourself that you are Maude Cameron's equal, and Francis, of whom you are so fond, is your brother. Surely you would not urge this as a reason for hiding yourself away from them."

"I must think of those things, Blake; I cannot answer yet."

"You are right; think of them—I can trust to your own judgment then."

"And what am I to do with—her?"

"You can do nothing but think of her as dead."

"I must see her," said Frank. "If she would but confess—if she would give up her life of shameful sin——"

"Too late," said the artist, with grave regret. "I have known her from her girlhood, and though there was no actual sin about her then, she was vain and weak, and could be led to the verge of sin by any handsome face and flattery. It is too late for her to change."

"But at her age?"

"If you read your Shakspeare you will find that Hamlet said something of the same kind to his mother, and she rewarded him by conniving at his death. At her age her senses are blunted, her passions have lost their refinement, the poetry of her youth is a thing to remember with a laugh; her life is simply animalism. If she were intellectual, it would be intellectual animalism.—Change her sex and at her age every woman of that kind is a Sardanapalus—she eats, drinks, and loves and exists for the day only; repentance is her would-be hypocrisy."

"You have drawn a terrible picture."

"Yet I have kept the coloring well toned down. At her age she is just so much the worse; you can do nothing with her. If she were a misguided girl there would be hope; for her there is none."

"You are sure there is no mistake?"

"Quite sure. I recognized her instantly. I told her so in the look I gave her, and she trembled under it. If you want more proof you will find it on her neck by the right shoulder; a blow her father gave her—he was very brutal then—resulted in a tumor, and it had to be removed by the surgeon's knife. The wound healed, but the skin was a long time growing, and she would go to a ball before her recovery was complete. I pitied her, and so that she should go in full dress, I covered the scar with a coating of collodion and painted it, and you could not have seen a trace without a microscope."

"I have seen that scar many and many a time, faint as it is now. I asked her once how it came, and she told me it was so always—that she was born with it."

"Naturally she would say that," said the artist, with a smile of contempt. "If she had said you were born with that mark under your chin it would be right; it was rather conspicuous until your whiskers grew."

"I have not noticed it—lately, that is."

"You are accustomed to it. I have known a man with a cork leg to complain of the gout in it."

At any other time such an absurdity would have made Frank smile; now he returned to the subject that troubled him most.

"I must see her," he said. "Perhaps my knowledge of her secret may give me an influence to part her from this man."

The artist shrugged his shoulders.

"It would be a very tame beginning in the way of atonement on her part," he said, "and you can only appeal to her feelings. You could not enforce any conditions—she will cling to the fellow so long as he cares to remain with her. When a woman once behaves as she has—not in defiance to the laws of the Almighty and of man, but in careless indifference to them—we can only hope for what may be done at the eleventh hour. Their companionship is now a habit, nothing more."

"Would you have me leave her then utterly to her degradation and despair?"

"She is long past the sense of degradation, and will never despair or think of the hereafter till she is on her deathbed. You are very young, Frank, and this grieves you deeply. I wish this was the only case of its kind; but London—the outer circles of the West-End especially—is full of them. There are many children—some daughters, too, as old as you are—who would not take their father's hand or kiss their mother if they knew what secrets were behind their lives."

The youth sat quiet for some time, and then he said:

"That accursed money! It all grew out of that!"

"Yes, if you take that as the starting point; but your grandfather was not without some reason on his side. According to his own ethics, he doubted Mr. Lorraine's stability of character.—He tells you here that he believed then, as he believes still, that the money would have been frittered away, and left them in a few years as poor as ever. Much as I blame him at the outset, he acted like a sincerely repentant man, and if you take his central motive for the whole revelation, you cannot help forgiving him now in these words."

He read from the paper—

"The change in me began, my dear Frank, when I saw how fond of me you were. I feared at first you would inherit your father's dislike for me. I saw the same nature in you; the same proud spirit; the unconscious placing yourself above your fellows at a very early age. When I saw your love for me was genuine and disinterested, I gave you the education of a gentleman, and made up my mind to leave you the fortune of a prince. As you grew older I saw that you chafed under the idea of being lowly born; so when you met your father as a stranger, and I saw how proud you were of your friends—your brother Francis and your cousin Maude—I determined to tell you the truth. Now that you know it, Frank, remember that morning when I came into your room and you prayed for me—prayed with me; forgive me and pray for me now, and think of the love the old man bore you to the last."

"I know," said Frank, with tears rising in his throat, "he did his best for me. I shall never forget how much he loved me—but he had better have kept me in ignorance of the truth."

"You will not think so after a time. He told you that, as he left you his money to use as you think best. It is like giving you a reserve of strength. You can, within yourself, take a different footing towards Maude Cameron and your brother France. You know that you are what you would give a kingdom to be—you said so—a Lorraine!"

Frank gave the artist his hand.

"Thank you, Blake," he said; "you have done me good! I can think more kindly of the dead, and, perhaps, deal more gently with the living."

"You will not see her yet?"

"To-morrow!"

"No; nor the next day, nor for many days. You must not stay in this desolate house, Frank," the artist said, with kindly authority. "There is your own room and your own studio at my house, and if you prefer company to solitude you will have me."

"I should have come," said Frank, simply. "And I need not ask you not to let a word of this pass your lips."

"My dear boy—but what are you going to do with that paper?"

"Burn it."

"That would be wrong," said Blake, as Frank approached the fire. "Keep it under seal, and in a safe place, but do not destroy it."

"What is the use? Suppose, by accident, it fell in other hands—the hands of those who might destroy the happiness of France for ever."

"You are fond, very fond of that pretty boy."

"How can I help it?" He has clung to me from the first as if I were an elder brother. He calls me his brother Frank—it was a playful agreement at first, now it has grown into a custom—yet I love the lad from my heart, and would rather plunge into the sea, with the weight of all this money round my neck to keep me down, than cause him any harm from the revelation of this secret."

"You are a splendid fellow," said Blake. "Few men placed in such a trying position could or would act so well. You will find your reward here and hereafter too. You keep your secret out of your love for France, but if you had no such motive, have you thought what the consequences would be?"

"Of what?"

"Claiming your father."

"I think he would like me as well, but it would make him unhappy to know what my mother had become."

"And you have not thought beyond that?"

"No. I do not see what there is."

"His marriage to Admiral Grayling's niece would be null and void till he had prosecuted your mother for bigamy, and obtained a divorce from her on that and other grounds."

"Surely that cannot be so?"

"It is. The law of course would, by the use of its highest power in such a case, legalize the second marriage and so declare France legitimate, but there would always be a stain on the name of Mrs. Lorraine."

"That beautiful and noble lady; she shall not be in danger for a moment."

He went to the fire again, but Blake took the papers from his hand.

"Seal them up," he said, "and put them where you found them. The dead man left them for you to read and keep."

Responding to the artist's thoughtful and impressive manner, Frank made the papers up into a packet again, sealed it carefully, and put it into the secret hiding place once more.

CHAPTER XVII.

"LOOK HERE UPON THAT LIKENESS AND ON THIS."

The house at Edgeware was closed, the servants paid and dismissed, and a caretaker in the shape of a stalwart sergeant of police was placed in charge. The plate and jewelry, old china and pictures were placed in a massive iron safe that must have cost at least three thousand pounds to build; it had a frontage like a small fortress, twelve feet in breadth by nine in height, and an inch or two over three feet in depth clear; it was made in six compartments, and Mr. Gregory, in whose hands Frank placed everything, had to send for the maker before it could be opened, even when they found the keys.

It was Mr. Gregory who advised Frank to send the servants away; he gave no reason, except that old servants were apt to take too many privileges of their own with a young master. Those who pleaded long service had no mercy from him; he told them drily that they had been well paid for it, and length of character would be an excellent recommendation in their next situation.

"I am instructed," he said to Frank, "by a memorandum, almost the last one Mr. Rutland wrote, that you will give me four thousand pounds in bank notes in the writing table. He seems to have had a singular presentiment of his death, and wrote this, as you see, on a scrap of paper—here it is."

The writing and the paper were unmistakable; the few words were written on a memorandum form with a printed heading. Mr. Rutland always kept a stock of them at home; he had never used an envelope when one of these would do, and wasted an envelope and a penny stamp if he could send a postcard instead.

"The four thousand pounds in bank notes that you will find in the writing table safe, enclosed in blue envelope marked 'Gregory,' you will deal with according to instructions in last letter."

That was all.

"There was such an envelope," said Frank, "but it was empty and looked as if it had been hurriedly torn open and dropped back again; all the papers in that safe were in disorder."

The lawyer looked at him with the shadow of a smile—a slightly incredulous smile.

"I did not know he had such a sum in the house," Frank added, "it was not his habit to keep much. His cash box did not contain a hundred pounds. When did he send that to you?"

"It was posted on the evening of the day before he died."

"Do you think he may have changed his mind?"

Mr. Gregory smiled a slow decided negative.

"Mr. Rutland never changed his mind," he said. "His will was made in all respects as it is now, there is not a single codicil. Such additions as he has made since only refer to moneys that have come from various sources within the last three years. The will itself remains intact."

"Have you got the number of the notes?"

"No, but I can get them at the bank."

"Then they may be traced!"

"Of that there is no doubt, Mr. Rutland; since you have no knowledge of them they must be. You say the papers were in a state of disorder?"

"Yes, but the writing table was locked, and the keys were in his pocket."

"Will you pardon me if I seem too curious, but did he have any visitors that day?"

"Only his daughter and Mr. Rigby, as I heard from the servants. I went out early in the afternoon, I dined with Mr. Lorraine, and went to a ball at Admiral Grayling's. It must have been three in the morning when I returned, and you know the rest—how I was called at breakfast time, and how I found him."

Mr. Gregory nodded reflectively three or four times.

"You had better," he said, in his politest and most suggestive manner, "ask Mrs. Rigby if he gave the notes to her. He may have done so, and his untimely end prevented him apprising me of the circumstance."

"I cannot speak to her on such a subject," said Frank, with an inward sternness that surprised the lawyer. "Speak to her yourself, Mr. Gregory. Tell her it is of no further consequence than that you wish the point cleared up. As for the money itself, I will replace it, and your instructions shall be carried out."

Mr. Gregory bowed.

"It is well that you have a princely income," he said, "for you have a princely heart, Mr. Rutland. He must have given that money to your aunt, Mrs. Rigby, it cannot have gone in any other way."

"Unless he gave it to Mr. Rigby."

"My dear sir, he would not have given Mr. Rigby five thousands to save him from bankruptcy or Newgate," observed the lawyer, taking a pinch of snuff. "I will see the lady, and tell you the result. Where will messages and letters find you?"

"At Mr. MacCarthy Blake's, in Piccadilly."

"I know the artist; a rising man, a genius. I bought a picture of his ten years ago from a bill discounter, gave a hundred pounds for it—would not take five hundred for it now. He gave it as security for five-and-twenty."

Three days after this Frank received a letter from him.

"I have seen the lady, and she tells me without reserve that her father gave her one thousand. She knows he had five altogether, as he mentioned the amount, and replaced the remainder in the desk in the presence of herself and husband."

A few days after this he wrote again:

"Mr. Rigby has written to me, curtly and insolently, to say that Mr. Rutland lent him the money, and gave me a hint to mind my own business in future. Now, I have not the least desire to do business with Mr. Rigby, but—and this deserves consideration—I have traced the notes by their numbers, and find that he has dealt with two thousand pounds' worth, and is pressed for more. And at the same time Mr. James Mansfield, a questionable and at one time a bad character, is spending money right and left *out of some of these same notes*. I have instructed a detective to make his acquaintance—an old soldier—and as Mansfield is on the verge of delirium tremens, we are likely to hear something soon."

To this Frank sent a brief reply.

"Take no further proceedings in the whole wretched business. Let the money go. You can have a cheque for the amount at any moment. It is sufficient that we know where it has gone. I wish to hear no more."

For he shrank from the thought of how it might have been obtained, and it was a matter in which he could not stir—both these men were in the secret that involved so many.

"There is a curse upon that money," he said to himself; "and no matter how it fell into their hands, they will not profit by it long."

He told the artist of these late troubles, as he told him everything. It would have been difficult to say what he would have done without that kindly-hearted, sympathetic friend. Frank literally lived in the Piccadilly house—he was better away from Edgeware. The house was closed, and not a thing removed from it excepting his grandfather's writing table—that he had placed in the Piccadilly studio.

He had called at Rigby's house several times, and asked for Mrs. Rigby, but could never see her. It was by the doctor's order, the servant said—her nervous system had received a dangerous shock that might result in paralysis if she did not have perfect quiet.

"Depend upon it she suspects your purpose," the artist said, "and I should not call again yet. Is it still on your mind to see her on that subject?"

"To be convinced—yes."

"Then why not go to your old nurse, Susan Mansfield?"

"I have thought of that," said Frank; "but the poor thing was, at worst, a helpless tool in the hands of others, and it is not in my heart to be angry with her."

"You need not be; in fact, your very kindness would serve you best. If you want the truth you will be more likely to get it from her than anyone."

"Come with me as far, and I will go at once," said Frank. "No man ever needed a guide, philosopher, and friend so sorely as I do now, and you are just the one I want."

It was good for him that he had been able to speak to the artist with such familiar confidence. They had talked over the whole matter so frequently now, that Frank could look at it quietly, even in its worst aspect.

Blake waited at the corner of the street while his young friend went in. The landlady of the little house opened the door as usual, and told Mrs. Mansfield she was wanted. Susan came to the head of the stair, and in a very low, hushed voice, asked him "up. He was struck that there was a change in her manner. She stood before him with a sort of resigned humility—an air of expectant, patient martyrdom that touched him.

"Susan," he said, taking her hand kindly, "I have come to ask you a serious and painful question—will you answer it?"

"Yes, sir, whatever it may be."

"You put your signature to a paper that was drawn up by my grandfather—on the night before he died?"

"I did, sir."

"Had you read and understood the contents before you signed it?"

"I read and understood every word, Master Frank, and every word of it was true."

"And that lady, whom I have always spoken to as my Aunt Agnes is—my mother?"

"Yes, and it is my child that lies buried under that marble monument that bears your name. I saw your father there, Mr. Clyde Lorraine, and I was almost tempted then and there to tell him the whole truth, for I was frightened; it was as if God had sent him there just when I was there, and I have never been happy since. I always meant to tell you. I am glad I have told you. Every word of kindness to me has made me feel more and more what a miserable wretch I am, and now I do not care what becomes of me, what punishment I may have; I only wish I was dead."

She asked no forgiveness; in her face, her eyes and voice there was nothing but hopeless despair.

"Sit down, Susan," he said, with the same quiet kindliness of tone. "I have not come here to reproach you, I only wanted to know the truth."

"It was a cruel thing to do, sir. I do not think you can forgive me."

"My poor old nurse, you were but a helpless instrument in the hand of others. As to forgiving you, I have not so much as an angry thought for you. I feel sorry that you, with your good heart and bright honest nature, should have been dragged into such a piece of infamy."

"It was mentioned to me first when my little baby died—he was about your own age, and perhaps because he was a baby, he was a little like you. My husband and Mr. Rutland were together a great deal then; Mr. Rutland used to give him odd jobs to do, such as gardening and painting the vases, and assisting in the heavy work when they were stock-taking, and when he heard that my baby had died he sent me a present by my husband. I think it must have been then that your grandfather first thought of it."

At this moment a wild, unearthly cry from the next room startled Frank; there were sounds of some terrible language, and a heavy struggle, and then a lull. Susan sat comparatively unmoved.

"That is my husband," she said. "Do not be afraid; two keepers and the doctor are with him."

"Is he mad?"

"With drink, sir. They say he cannot live many days, he has exhausted himself. He has not touched food, except a morsel of bread now and then, or slept, since the day he heard of your grandfather's death. Nothing but drink, day and night."

"A terrible death to die."

"They tell me it is for the best," Susan said, with an air of weariness, "and I have done all I could. They wanted me to have him removed, but he says such fearful things about Mr. Rigby and your grandfather, and all he knows of the family. It was through Dr. Lundin I had permission to have the keepers here; they put a straight jacket on him when the fit comes on. That is what they have had to do just now, I think."

He shuddered inwardly at the quiet manner in which she spoke.

"As I was saying," she resumed, "it was then your grandfather first thought of it. We were very poor, and my husband said we should be well paid, and he said it did not matter to a dead body what name it was buried with, they would know him just as well in the other world. He laughed at me when I cried at such a cruel speech. I would not give way, even when he said I was to have two pounds a week for myself; but he frightened me—not for my own sake, Master Frank, but for you."

"He knew I was very fond of you. I had not weaned you long, and you were in my care—you would not go to anyone else—and he said to me:

"You haven't saved the little beggar's life to much purpose if you let him go out of your hands now; there's plenty of baby farmers would be glad to take him, with a hundred pounds down, and and he wouldn't trouble his friends any more, nor anybody else long."

"He used those words, sir, just in that way."

"I cannot think my grandfather or my mother had such a thought. But I thank you none the less, Susan; but for you I should have died in my infancy."

"They knew nothing about such things, sir; when people advertise that a respectable person in good circumstances has just lost a child, and would like to adopt one in its place, with a small premium, how are gentlefolks to know it means baby farming? Not that baby farming is so bad as the papers and the judges make out. I should like to ask them and the doctors how many hand-reared children live, say from two to five years old, even when brought up with every comfort under their own mother's eye. But I have no doubt, Master Frank, they would have sent you to a stranger, and I was so frightened at the thought that I would have done anything at the time."

"You need say no more, nurse," he said, "be sure in your own mind that your part in that transaction will never have an angry or reproachful thought from me."

"But you will never come to see me as you have done?"

"I will, indeed; there is my hand upon it."

She took his hand, and here for the first time her tears came.

"It used to be such a little, soft hand," she said, pressing it to her wet cheek, "and now how strong and beautiful it is. You have your father's hand, Master Frank. I always noticed his hands."

"But mine is not so soft and delicate," he said, with a smile. "Boating, fencing, Alpine climbing, and pole jumping, with an inborn objection for gloves, have made mine rather hard and brown."

"They have the same shape, sir, and the same nails, and the fingers turn in a little at the tips just like his."

"It is something to know that I am like my father in these small details after finding out I am my father's son."

"And I could swear to that on the Bible, or in any court of justice."

"That is just what I do not want, my dear nurse. I have an odd fancy, for a purpose of my own, to be known only as Frank Rutland, till I can be known as 'Rutland the Painter.' It will please me to go about the world a living secret, meeting my own father as a stranger—a dear friend, rather. So never a word of this, Susan, to anyone."

"No more than if I was in my grave, Master Frank."

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## FORESTS AND FLOODS.

### The Destruction of the Former the Cause of the Latter.

Many persons assume that a great flood contradicts the theory that cutting away forests causes exceptionally low water in the denuded country.

The truth is, the destruction of the woods means water courses to run extraordinarily low and high, according to the season.

In 1881 we had the lowest water ever known in the Ohio, and to-day we have the highest water ever known. These extremes equally illustrate the theory we urge upon the attention of the people.

The reason are perfectly distinct. A mass of mountains on the Allegheny, Monongahela or Kanawha. Let us suppose them clothed with trees from foot to crown, and with underbrush and mosses, with beds of half decayed leaves, resting upon soil that represent deposits of leaves and vegetable growth for thousands of years. Each mountain is an enormous sponge. The rain may fall for days, and the greater part is absorbed, saturating the soil, the grass, the leaves, lingering in the bushes and the trees. The half-decayed logs will hold barrels of water, and for weeks after a heavy rain the moisture is trickling away in thousands of flush springs.

Cut away the trees, the underbrush perishes, the moss is dried up, the soil washed away and the rocks are exposed. The rains descend, and the mountains shed the water like the roofs of houses. All that falls makes its way into the torrents at once.

Take a thousand mountains at the head-waters of the Ohio and reduce them to barrenness, and it follows that the river is lower in dry weather and higher in wet weather and more and more subject to extremes of high and low water.

Disastrous as the flood is to-day unprecedented as it is intelligent people must be aware that very slight changes in the atmospheric phenomena of the last fortnight would have given us a still more formidable river. The rise that is so wonderful comes from three rainstorms extending over a week and the sudden frost after the second rain prevented the advance of the waters from being much more rapid than it has been.

Europe is suffering more from floods than in former generations. They are the clearly traced results of the destruction of forests, and made more destructive by a system of levees that are equally false and futile. The experience of Hungary and Northern Italy is especially instructive.

The preservation of mountains from destruction; that is, from becoming utterly barren a desolation of rocks is a duty that public safety demands.

The greater part of Switzerland would have been uninhabitable long ago if it had not been for the systematic cultivation and preservation of forests. There are many mountain sides in Switzerland that are wonderfully supported by trees and shrubbery, cared for with a full appreciation of their importance.

The wasteful, reckless cutting of trees, and carelessness, or worse, in burning away wood lands, must stop, for it is a public mischief. Forest culture in the mountains is needed; and the whole trouble is not in the higher lands. The hillsides must be cared for, as well. There is a way of plowing them that is conservative and when there is a tendency to wash they should be supported by grasses. Here the rotation of crops comes in, the preservation of brooks by the cultivation of willows, the restoration of land that is growing ragged under the rains by the native forest trees, or, if the case is bad, trees of quick growth. A magnificent forest of black locust can be raised from the sprouts in from fifteen to twenty years.

*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

### An Incident of Gambetta's Downfall.

A trifling circumstance rendered the situation more tense. The Mayor of Belleville, a Gambettist, got up in the interest of his party a popular banquet in the Lime Tree Garden at Menilmontant, the most democratic part of his *arrondissement*. The great orator was there to explain his policy in a way to meet the attacks which the press was beginning to make. In the invitations, of which about nine hundred were issued, the hour stated was seven o'clock. This was understood to mean half-past seven. But the dinner was not served until after half past eight. Gambetta had not come. The landlord insisted upon not waiting any longer. Two places were kept vacant at the table of honor. At nine "the guest of the evening" and Spuller entered to fill them. Whether, habituated at the Palais Bourbon to the dishes of Trompette, they had grown too dainty for the plain cooking of Menilmontant, or for what other reason, it does not appear. They had both dined with a few friends at a restaurant. They did not at the banquet even go through the polite comedy of pretending to eat. No apology was offered either at the time, nor afterward in the press; a polite fib, though a transparent one, would have calmed irritation. Punctuality, it was remarked *sotto voce*, was the politeness of kings, but the elect of the millions thought themselves higher than born sovereigns. The speech which followed the banquet was listened to with icy coldness. The orator went back to the Petit Bourbon heavy and discontented. He had for ten years given a mighty impulsion in a democratic sense. Ministers had been made to feel that universal suffrage was everything, and the executive but its instrument. As president of the Budget Committee he had made them realize that power of the purse was vested in the Chambers, and he had hotly contested the position of M. Jules Simon that the Senate had a right to amend the budget. He had agitated for revision of the judicial bench, and the democratization of the army. Suddenly he turned round and attempted to push back the torrent which he had set flowing. Its impetus was too great for him to withstand, and it has pursued its course, bearing with it other men less renowned.—*March Century.*

### An Indian Winter Game.

The boys of the United States and Canada are indebted to the Indians for a number of their most interesting sports. But while many of their games are well known, the Indians still have others peculiar to themselves, and with which even their near neighbors are but slightly acquainted. Throwing the snow snake is one of the latter.

The "snow-snake," or *ka-wheant* as it is called in the Onondaga dialect, is made on the principle of the sleigh-runner, and consists of a long hickory pole or stick, with a slight upward curve and point at one end, while the other is provided with a small notch. The under side is made flat and smooth, so as to slip easily over the snow or ice, upon which, when skillfully thrown, it will slide for a long distance. To make it glide still more easily, the under surface is waxed and rubbed with a piece both until beautifully smooth and polished. The pointed end is furnished with a tip of lead or solder, sometimes of a fancy design.

The length and weight of the snow-snake varies in proportion to the strength of the person for whose use it is intended. Those made for young boys are not more than four or five feet long, while for larger boys and young men they range from six to eight feet in length. They are made somewhat tapering, being largest near the curved end, where they are usually about an inch or an inch and a quarter in width; while they diminish gradually until, at the notched end, the width is not more than five-eighths or three-quarters of an inch. In throwing, the *ka-wheant* is held at the smaller end by the thumb and first and second fingers.

At the Indian Reservation in Onondaga County, New York, where the winters are long and usually severe, the snow-snake is a great favorite, and a continuous source of amusement. As soon as the jingle of the bells is heard along the frozen highway, and the runners of the heavy "bobs" and wood-sleighs have furrowed the roads with deep, polished grooves, the Indian boys are out, following the sleigh-tracks in small parties, throwing the *ka-wheant* in the deep ruts, which it follows through every curve, slipping over the lumps of ice and other inequalities, more like a living creature than a plain hickory stick, and suggesting at once the very appropriate name of the "snow-snake." Although the beaten road-way is usually preferred, the snow-snake may be thrown in almost any situation where the snow is firm.

The game, as generally played, is merely a trial of skill between the players. A line being drawn to mark the starting-point, the players step back a few paces. Each grasps his snow-snake, runs forward in his turn to the mark, and, with a vigorous sweep of his arm, sends it sliding and dancing over the snow with the swiftness of an arrow. Each snow-snake bears its owner's mark (an arrow, cross, or star), so that he readily recognizes it, and he whose missile is farthest in advance is declared the winner. In this way a regular champion is chosen. The distance that these contrivances are thrown is almost incredible, skillful players sometimes making casts of nearly a quarter of a mile.

Should any of the readers of *St. Nicholas* attempt this game, they must not be surprised or discouraged if, at the first few trials, their snow-snakes stick their heads through the crust and disappear in the powdery snow beneath, instead of sliding along the surface in the proper way. By digging along for a distance of from twenty to fifty feet, the sticks may usually be recovered, while the slight difficulties of the art can soon be overcome by a little practice and experience. *H. C. Smith, in St. Nicholas for March.*

## A SAD MISTAKE.

### Why a Noted Jurist Could Not Substantiate an Assertion.

The man who rears a family of children, loses his wife, the companion of many years, and tries to appear young in the eyes of a young lady younger than his youngest daughter, is, employing a term whose politeness may be doubted but whose truth is pre-eminent, a pitiable fool. Judge Boggle, a gentlemen whose wisdom as a jurist has received attention in the highest halls of legal learning, and who for many years has been one of the leading lawyers in Arkansaw, became devotedly attached to young Miss Soppleton. His wife had been dead several years, and the once broad band of crape on his hat looked like a shoe string when he took it off. He spent so much time in the arrangement of his person, that many of the lines drawn by seventy years were covered up. Miss Soppleton was a very intelligent young lady, and she listened with close attention to the Judge's levity, a wit which often dies in middle life and returns with old age, seeming the brighter for its long rest. He had very nearly succeeded in gaining the young lady's consent, and no doubt would have succeeded but for an unfortunate mistake made the other day during a buggy ride.

"Judge, you are so full of life," said Miss Soppleton as they drove along. "You are so much more entertaining than the young men."

"I am something of a young man myself," replied the Judge as he cracked a hazelnut with his splendidly preserved false teeth; "and with your buoyant life, Nellie, interwoven with mine," he continued, "and with the promise of a long life, we may accomplish much."

"Then you are not so old as they say you are?"

"Old," repeated the jurist almost contemptously, "who says I'm old? Because I took a lot of children to raise and because my legal opinions have found such exalted lodgment in the libraries of great men——"

"Exalted, because your books have been placed on the high shelves, eh, Judge?"

The Judge laughed and replied: "Bright girl; bright girl. No, they are not exalted because they are put upon—but don't you know," his face illumined by the flash of a new idea, "that our most choice books are placed on the top shelves to keep intruders from seeing and consequently wanting to borrow them? Talk about my being old, when my teeth are perfect and my eyesight unim— Hold on there, my friend!" he shouted. They were passing an old orchard, and the "snaggle" remains of an old tree, with a limb pointing out, was mistaken by the Judge to be a man in the act of firing a gun. "Hold on there, I say. Hold that devilish gun up. Don't shoot this way? Haven't you got any sense! Whoa, back here. The biggest fool I ever saw."

"It's only an apple tree, Judge," said the young lady.

"Why, er—Miss—"

"Never mind, no harm done, only I wish you would take me home. I fear you might drive the horse into the river." The Judge is likely to remain a widower.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

## BURYING THE BABY.

I remember that the far away reports of rifles roused us from sleep in the gray of dawn, and as we stood on our feet and listened more intently, we could now and then catch the echoes of an infernal war-whoop.

There were twenty of us, miners all, and we were in the foot hills of the Rockies, not more than half a mile from the great Overland Trail.

"Boys, them sounds means an Injun attack and a butchery," whispered our leader as we listened; and without another word we picked up our traps and headed for the spot at a half run.

Two immigrant families, farmers from Indiana, who had started for the land of gold and had separated from the train from whim or accident, had encamped in a bit of green valley beside the trail. There were thirteen souls of them; and one might wonder if the bravest among them did not shudder with fear as the night crept down and the howl of the wolf came from the rocky hills.

The men had seen their danger, and both had set out to act as sentinels through the long night. Hour after hour had passed away without an alarm, and just as dawn was breaking the merciless savages, creeping along like snakes, had found one of the sentinels asleep. A thrust from a knife finished him so quickly that he did not even throw up his arms. Perhaps he uttered a single cry or a groan and alarmed the other, for the second one was shot while running toward the wagons.

Then, with both men dead, came the rush upon the women and children. Only fiends could do such work as was done there, and when we came to look at it the strongest men in the party grew white and faint. Every head but one was scalped, and no doubt the scalps had been taken while the victims lived. The bodies were hacked and gashed—hands and arms severed, brains beaten out—children flung into the camp-fire, and the spectacle was one to live in memory when all else had been forgotten.

The fiends had finished their work of butchery before we were near enough to open fire, and it was poor consolation to save the wagons. While all the bodies were yet warm, life had departed from each and every one. We were collecting them in a heap, to make ready for burial, when a sudden wail startled everybody.

"Ow—ow—ow—ow!" came the sound, and each man looked in the air above and on the ground below.

"That 'ere noise purceeds from a baby, or I'm not the father of thirteen children back in Ohio!" exclaimed Jackson as he made for the nearest wagon.

He was right. Down beside a chest, almost smothered under bed-quilts, was a year-old boy baby, but alas! when he was handed out we found he had been fatally wounded by a bullet. Jackson sat down on the grass and chirped to him and rocked him to and fro, while the rest of us looked on in wonder and doubt, but in a quarter of an hour the baby was dead. It had gone to sleep the night before in his mother's arm, a battered old rattle-box clutched fast in his tiny hand, and he never let go of it. There it was in his hand as death stiffened his fingers around it.

Well, there was a general breaking down when we saw the little one was going. He threw up his hands, gasped once or twice, and then settled back with such a smile on his face as babies wear when their dreams are sweet. Old Jackson was crying like a child, and some of the men hid from each other behind the wagons. It was a long time before the old man arose, laid the little body down among the prairie flowers, and huskily whispered.

"We'll bury him by hisself. One of them bodies out there was his mother, but as we can't tell which from which we'll make no mistake."

There was one large grave for the mutilated remains, and when the earth had been pressed down above them and rocks rolled down to prevent the work of the wolves, we went to the center of the dell and there under a lonely vine we hollowed out a resting-place for baby. When all was ready Jackson took the body up in his arms, dropped his hat on the grass, and looked around and said:

"Hats off, men! We are nearer seein' angels this mornin' than any of us will ever come agin!"

Slowly—tenderly—grievingly the little form was laid away, and it was Jackson's coat that came off his back to cover it before the earth was filled in. Every single man in our band took the shovel by turns to fill in and round up the grave and protect it, and before we went away there was a head-board to mark the spot, and on the board a knife had engraved the single word: "B A B Y!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

### The Cynic.

One of the most disagreeable human beings is the cynic who does not believe in good or disinterested motives. He distrusts every one. He is skeptical as to the sincerity of all men, and he believes that self interest prompts all their actions.

Whenever you see one of these men, you see one who is so filled with selfishness that there is not room enough inside him for it, and for all the egotism he tries to carry, and you will see it oozing out of him at every pore. These two attributes crowd his soul into a small compass, press on his heart until there is not room in it to develop a generous impulse, and take possession of his mind until liberal or noble thoughts cease to exist there.

He is liberal enough in one way—liberal in unbeliefs—but a narrow-minded bigot in his beliefs. When he hears of some apparently unselfish act, he begins hunting for a selfish motive, and should he fail to find it, he says: "Well, I cannot understand what he does it for, but he must expect to benefit by it somehow." Certainly, he cannot understand a disinterested act of kindness, because all his own motives are prompted by self interest. He knows of no higher motives.

The cynic is simply what he believes all other men—who are not fools—to be: His heart is not large enough to conceive a chivalrous act, his brain not of sufficient dimensions to beget or be delivered of a noble or generous thought, and his little soul so shrivelled that if it were possible that it could ever get to heaven, and if Peter should smile a welcome as he let it in, it would immediately suspect the saintly gateman of having some interested motive in being so friendly.

Whenever you meet a man of this kind, who suspects that everybody in the world is trying to take advantage of him, you may be sure that that man would beat everybody in the world if he could. Whenever you see a man attributing mean or sordid motives to others, you have found a man who himself is mean at heart, and you have discovered a man who may have many acquaintances, but very few friends.

Snakes, even the most venomous, are supposed to have been created for some useful purpose, and so the cynic has doubtless a place in the economy of nature that it is necessary he should fill, but he is a very disagreeable necessity.—*Texas Siftings.*

Although three or four crystals of the genuine precious topaz, remarkable for size and clearness, have been found near Pike's Peak, Mr. R. T. Cross, asserts that the stone which is cut in Colorado and sold as topaz to tourists, is not topaz at all, but simply smoky quartz, or the cairngorm stone of Scotland.

Edith—The reason that editors' wives don't load themselves down with diamonds is because they fear that strangers will think their husbands are pawnbrokers.—*Philadelphia News.*

To Joseph Jefferson is attributed the remark that although the late lamented duchess of Gainsborough's hat may form a fine background to a lovely face it is a bad foreground to a comedy.

### The High License Remedy.

It has become perfectly evident to practical people that the methods in vogue of dealing with the liquor business are, for the most part, dismal failures. Painful experience in many of the States has shown that prohibition does not prohibit; and that the usual processes of regulation do not regulate. Several of the States which have seen the traffic thrive and grow through decades of prohibitive outlawry, have abandoned that method and adopted various modes of license and regulation with varying degrees of failure.

It is hardly worth while to discuss the reasons for the failure of prohibition. The fact is so notorious that it answers all questions. The measure has nowhere operated to decrease drinking and drunkenness, or the crimes they promote; while it has everywhere given rise to deceit and fraud, created a contempt for law, and placed a large portion of society beyond the pale of law who might otherwise be law-respecting and law-abiding citizens. This has been the experience of Maine, Ohio, Michigan, Kansas, and other States, which have tried that heroic measure.

The various modes of license and regulation now adopted in many of the States, have made scarcely a perceptible impression upon the evils they are aimed at. The number of saloons has been slightly but not materially decreased, while the regulations regarding hours for closing receive but little more than outward respect. The devices used in Maine to evade prohibition are used in other States, under the license system, to evade the obligation of closing on Sunday and after a certain hour at night. The police, after a few spasmodic attempts to enforce the law, finally wink at its evasion, or by a partial enforcement create general disrespect for the law and their authority in communities which quickly come to recognize the discrimination and favoritism.

Under both systems, as generally practiced, the evils of the traffic continue to multiply, groggeries increase in number, and drunkenness and its attendant vices, with pauperism in their train, become more and more conspicuous diseases of our society.

Intelligent people, who have the moral welfare of society at heart, are well nigh in despair between the impractical demands of temperance fanatics on the one hand, who insist on attempting the impossible and accomplish nothing, and the insolent demands of the horde of saloon keepers on the other, who not only persist in all the abuses which make the traffic odious, but push into common councils and State legislatures, and almost dominate those bodies by their voices or influence.

Yet society can not and will not give up the struggle. So long as the evils of the liquor traffic continue, efforts to modify or eradicate them will be made. So long as the disease is present in the body politic, remedies will continue to be applied from time to time. It is important, therefore, that society should as quickly as possible learn from the abundant experience of the past just what are the limitations of beneficial legislation, so that the remedies applied may not aggravate the disease, or develop new ones, as they have frequently done.

It must certainly be conceded that prohibition is worse than useless. The manufacturing and drinking of intoxicating liquors cannot be abolished, nor can people be made temperate or sober by legislative enactment. The alternative is regulation, and the form of that regulation must necessarily be license and taxation.

No system of regulation heretofore tried or suggested can reduce the evils growing out of the liquor traffic except in proportion as it reduces the number of places where liquor is sold by the glass, and brings them within the scope of constant police supervision. No community can afford to have as many policemen as saloons, if the number of the latter is unlimited except by the desire of the people to establish them. They swarm in every large city ten times beyond the regulative capacity of the police. New York city has one for every 300 feet of street. Buffalo has one for almost every third place of business. Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, are all nearly equally over supplied. The obvious alternative is to reduce the number of saloons to some reasonable proportion to the number of police which cities can afford to employ. Just in proportion as the regulatative measures tried in the West have done this by high taxation have they been beneficial in their effects. The requirements regarding hours of closing and Sunday suspension have done but little good, because they have been evaded and ignored; but a heavy tax has weeded out to some extent the small groggeries where vice crouches in the darkness and breeds a numerous progeny of crime. The business has been elevated in respectability to some slight degree by making it impossible for the very poor and squalid to engage in it.

In Michigan where this system was first intelligently tried, a tax of $200 per year for the sale of malt liquors, and $100 more for spirituous liquors, has had a visible effect in reducing the number of groggeries in the large cities, and eliminating the liquor traffic entirely from many small towns and villages where the business attainable would not enable dealers to pay the tax. The State of Nebraska has applied the Michigan idea to even better purpose. There a tax of $1,000 per year in cities, and $500 per year in villages and towns, has not only made the traffic respectable, but so reduce the number of saloons that they are easily watched by the police.

The example of Nebraska is now attracting wide attention throughout the country, and thoughtful people are suggesting its adoption in many States; not as a panacea, but as the most intelligent means yet devised to accomplish all that is really feasible in regard to the liquor traffic.

A bill introduced in the New York legislature comes up to the Nebraska standard, providing as it does, for an annual license fee of $1,000 and $500, respectively, for the sale of spirituous and malt liquors. It is not a dollar too high. Indeed, it might be well to consider if in the greater cities the tax could not be placed still higher. The measure has been well received among the most intelligent people of the metropolis—indeed by all classes there except the small groggery keepers and the small politicians, who are generally identical.

The only objection to it is that it would debar the poor from engaging in the traffic and tend to create a monopoly. That would undoubtedly be the effect of such legislation, and applied to any other business except liquor selling, the objection would be a powerful one. The State could not be justly permitted, except under very great necessity and for urgent reasons, to select from all others a special line of trade for such heavy taxation as would the effect mentioned. But it is too late in the day to attempt to defend the liquor traffic on the same plane as other trades. It is full of special evils not found in other trades; it burdens the State with special duties and responsibilities which do not spring from other trades; it is a constant menace to the State, unlike any other trade; and on these accounts the right of the State to protect itself against the results of the traffic by special enactments is universally conceded. The most pronounced evils of the trade spring from the great number of saloons, the disreputable character of most of them and the influence they exert in politics by reasons of the large number of votes more or less concerned with them. I therefore begs the whole question to object to a measure because it would drive the poor out of the traffic and tend to create a monopoly, since by the accomplishment of those ends alone, can any practical good be secured.

If the number of saloons can be reduced from an average of one to 150 or 200 people to one for every 500—which would be an ample supply—a real and substantial reform would be attained. The saloons themselves would be raised in respectability—they would need less watching and could get much more; drunkenness would be greatly decreased, for such saloon keepers as survived the weeding out process would have too valuable a franchise to jeopardize it by encouraging excessive drinking; and, last, and quite as important as any result, the power of the saloon interest in politics and legislation would be enormously reduced, by the reduction of the number of voters interested in the traffic.

The low licenses tax will not accomplish this. Whether the Nebraska figure, adopted in the proposed New York law, is precisely the desirable one, we are not prepared to say. That can only be ascertained by experiment. The experience of Nebraska, however, as compared with other States where the tax law is low, and even with Michigan, where it is $200 and $300, shows that it is nearer correct than the others.—*Detroit News.*

### Crime and Poverty Caused by Grog Shops.

The Rev. Dr. Crosby delivered a lecture at Steinway Hall, New York, last week, from which we quote as follows:

I said that the shame of New York is seen in its social as well as its political sphere, and that the two are closely connected. The agent that depraves society is this very rum which destroys our political worth. No unbiased mind can live in our city and not see clearly that crime and poverty grow largely out of the drinking saloons.

There are 12,000 of these in New York. That is one to every 100 to population. Now if you leave out the women and children you have one liquor saloon of every thirty-three men. Further, it is safe to say that fifteen out of every thirty-three never enter a liquor saloon. So we really have in this city a liquor saloon for every eighteen drinkers. Now you see how the money must be filched from these eighteen to support the liquor seller. A close calculation will show that in order to pay his rent and the cost of his liquors and have a surplus to support his family and make profits, each of the eighteen men must pay him $7 a week, so that, in the case of the laboring man, the liquor seller swallows up the main part of his wages, and his wife and children are forced to beg upon the streets or to become vagrants and finally criminals.

Besides these fearful results, it is an open fact that thieves and burglars find their safe refuge in these liquor saloons. When special attention is called to a burglary, where do the detectives go first to find the perpetrator? Always to the groggeries, and there they are sure to find them, the saloon keepers themselves being often partners with the burglars whose tools they keep in their closets and cellars. Still, again, every morning's newspaper tells us of a dozen bloody scenes in these places, where liquor inflames the passions and takes away the reason. The knife and pistol are freely used where rum rules, and not only in the saloon does the victim fall, but out from the saloon the wretch staggers to his desolate home to beat or stab the wife of his bosom.

SALOONS CHIEFLY IN IRISH AND GERMAN HANDS.

These are the daily or nightly fruits of this abominable saloon business. Now I wish to speak plainly. I am speak only truth, and if any do not like it I care not. I love truth better than approbation. (Prolonged applause.) I speak now to my fellow citizens of foreign birth. It is a fact that this saloon business which lies at the bottom of all our city's shame and disgrace is chiefly sustained by our Irish and German fellow-citizens. I have already stated my views on foreign citizenship. I have shown it to be our boast and a source of our greatness. And, my fellow-citizen of foreign birth cannot accuse me of any want of sympathy and regard for them when I tell them squarely of their faults. Like honest and true men they will hear and judge, and not allow passion to take the place of reason. In their hands is the care of the giant evil I have mentioned, and therefore to them do I appeal. As far as I can calculate, of the 10,000 liquor saloons in this city (apart from true hotels) 8,000 are kept by foreign-born citizens. Hence my appeal to such is not out of place. Now I take for granted that these men desire the welfare of our common city—if not, then they ought not to live in it and enjoy its franchises. Now, if they desire the welfare of our city, can I not put it to them fairly whether the liquor saloon, as they know it to be, is a beneficent institution? Is it not the breeder of woes unnumbered? Where is the liquor seller who will venture to deny this? Furthermore, does the saloon do any good to set off this awful evil? Bring the witnesses and let us hear what good a saloon ever did. You know it is absurd to ask such a question. It is not instituted to do good. It is instituted to make money, and it does that by debasing men and destroying families. That is the whole story and you cannot deny it. You may say what a saloon might be, as a place where men might rest and chat and take an innocent refreshment, but I am not talking of what saloons might be, but of what you and I know they are. You may picture a pleasant saloon, with a moral company present, eating an ice cream or drinking a glass of beer, with their cheerful conversation, but we know perfectly well that you find no such picture in the whole city of New York. We know that in every liquor saloon the blear-eyed drunkard, the lawless rowdy, and the seedy lounger are found as types of the habitues; that the conversation is boisterous, profane and obscene; that drink is not taken as a refreshment, but as an excitement, and that in large quantities; that "treat" follows "treat" in a company until all fuddled; that under the influence of liquor, men grow cross and ugly, and then comes the giving of the lie, the blow, the row, the broken head, the stab. This is the only picture that New York saloons furnish. Look at the men who go in and out of them! Would you trust your money to them? Would you employ them for any important and careful business.

Now, Irishmen and Germans, let me ask you if you think this is right? Is this the way to benefit the city of your adoption? Is it treating us rightly who have been born here? Suppose ten thousand Yankees should go to Dublin or to Hamburg and carry with them 10,000 rattlesnakes and insist upon keeping them there and when you remonstrate and beg them to refrain from endangering your children in this loose way, suppose they should say: "Oh, it's a free country. We'll do as we like. Besides, we have politicians to stand by us." What would you think of such Yankees? And what would you think courtesy and politeness? Do you say that my simile is not well chosen, that the two cases are most unlike? I reply that ten thousand rattlesnakes would be far preferable in New York to-day to 10,000 liquor saloons. They would do less harm a thousand-fold. Men would hate them and shun them, but your liquor saloons attract men to their ruin. Is it right for you to come to our shores to enjoy civil and religious liberty and to make one with us in our institutions, and then to foster a power that poisons and destroys the whole fabric of society? I am sure that the good sense of Irish and German citizens must revolt against such a procedure. The brethern of Emmet and Tone and O'Connell would not willingly and knowingly subvert the happiness and peace of this land of liberty. The brethern of Goethe and Schiller would not destroy the beauty of a pure and moral community. What they need is to become aware of the evil to which they are ministering that they may join all lovers of order in drying up these fountains of crime and pauperism.

I am not exempting from blame the native-born Americans. There are enough of them as guilty as any. I have less patience with them, because more could be expected of them in the way of National pride. The memory of ancestors who achieved our independence and who left us the legacy of a high morality ought to shame these unworthy descendants who would for their personal selfish greed deliberately plan the ruin of the community.

THE "Fathers of the Church" held that when Eve was created it was the intention for her to remain an old maid. According to St. Romwald, she instituted a religious order when she was 99 years old, the members of which were to continue virgins and preserve unextinguished the fire which had fallen from Heaven on the sacrifice of Abel. Then there was Kunaza, the most beautiful of the 93 daughters of Enoch, who, on her 291st birthday, rejected the last of many offers of marriage and remained single until she died. The Jews did not like spinsters, neither did the Greeks nor Romans, and and according to their records none became distinguished.

### Denominationalism.

Denominationalism is not necessarily synonymous with sectarianism. The worst form of sectarianism is that which denounces all other forms as "sects" and "heresies."

The talk about "six-hundred warring sects in Christendom" is mere idle prattle. In the United States denominationalism flourishes, yet a glance at our religious statistics, will show that there are but nine "leading denominations" and some thirty-five others—some of them very minor indeed.

Divine truth is many sided (Eph. 3:10) and it has been revealed to man at many different times and in many different ways. (Heb. 1:1.)

It is like some gigantic and magnificent building which many generations have enlarged and beautified. Through such a building one might pass a thousand times and yet still discover new features of construction and new beauties of ornamentation.

Different men have viewed the measureless temple of Infinite Wisdom from different standpoints and hence necessarily differ somewhat in their ideas of the same.

The Calvinist has noticed more particularly the awful sovereignity of God while the Arminian has considered more carefully the freedom of human actions and the responsibility of man. The idealist has considered the majesty and symmetry of the whole structure in a general way, the Literalist has entered more particularly into details.

All these are right and yet so far as each has failed to obtain a correct understanding of the whole structure, each of them is wrong. A concensus of Christian belief is much nearer the truth than the creed of any party, just as the testimony of several competent witnesses is a surer guide to correct understanding than the testimony of one.

Denominationalism has its purpose in the Kingdom of God.

Partial consideration of the "manifold wisdom of God" in its various aspects developed denominationalism, and this led to mutual toleration, and toleration has ripened into the fruit of religious liberty.

No denominationalism, no discussion no investigation, no progression in knowledge.

No attempt is here made to defend or even palliate the evils resulting from division among the followers of Jesus, the bitterness of strife, the reduction of strength, the inconsistencies of disunion, etc., but certain plain truths stand recorded in the history of the church which it would be wise to consider before making a wholesale denunciation of all Christian denominations except one, and that one after some exceedingly unimportant little subcltique, as the manner of sectarians generally is.

It were much better to copy into our lives the stability of the Catholic, the reverence of the Presbyterian, the warmth of the Methodist, and the literal fidelity of the Baptist. And to this desired haven of Catholicity is Christendom tending.

Yet that there is danger of drifting from the extreme of sectarian intolerance to the extreme of unchristian liberalism is not to be denied or disregarded. Catholicity is one thing and compromise another. We have no right to compromise with any form of religious error for the sake of peace.

What does God say in the person of his son Jesus Christ? Should be the first matter of inquiry with us. "Where the scriptures speak let us speak and where they are silent let us be silent."

Let us first be sure that we have studied the Truth of God from every possible angle of observation and then let us rest our minds on the immovable certainties of the Eternal.

F. M. CUMMING.

THE postal legislation enacted by the last congress is of much importance and benefit to the public. It provides that on and after July 1 of the current year postal notes, in sums of $5 and under, may be had at any money-order office on payment of a fee of three cents. These notes will be payable to bearer upon presentation, within three months from date, at any money-order office in the country. After three months they will be redeemed at their face value in Washington. Another provision of the new law provides for the issue of money orders in a sum as large as $100, whereas the maximum now is $50. On and after July 1 next fees for orders will be as follows:

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|---|---|
| Not exceeding $10 | 8 cents |
| From $10 to $15 | 10 cents |
| From $15 to $30 | 15 cents |
| From $30 to $40 | 20 cents |
| From $40 to $50 | 25 cents |
| From $50 to $60 | 30 cents |
| From $60 to $70 | 35 cents |
| From $70 to $80 | 40 cents |
| From $80 to $100 | 45 cents |

It is thought that there will be a very large and widespread use of the postal notes from the start, and that the large number of persons who now habitually send currency in ordinary letters will prefer to purchase a postal note. They can be had for any sum under $5, and the fee is the same, three cents, no matter what the amount. This fee is in addition to the postage, which, on and after July 1, is to be two cents for each half ounce or fractional part thereof, instead of three cents as now. It should be said, however, that as the postal notes can be obtained only at money-order offices, thousands and thousands of people will be unable to use them, and the very people, too, who now send money in ordinary letters for the want of a cheap but safer way.

A DEFICIENCY of $15,000 has been found in the accounts of B. F. Butler, as President of the National Soldiers' Home. The matter has been brought to the attention of the Attorney General, and suit to recover the amount will be entered in the United States Court at Boston.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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# The Coshocton Age

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

—BY—

J. F. MEEK.

OFFICE: MAIN STREET, OPERA HOUSE

TERMS:

One year, in advance ..... $1 50
Six months ..... 75c
Three months ..... 40c

This paper will not be sent to foreign subscribers unless paid for in advance


The Massachusetts House favors allowing women lawyers to be justices of the peace and notaries public.

A bill has passed the Wisconsin Assembly to imprison tramps in the State prison for not less than six months nor more than a year.

A club has been formed in New York, whose object is to oppose monopoly and for the promotion of wise and pure government. Office-holders and candidates for office are barred.

Army and Navy influence with Congress is stated to be exercised mainly through members' wives and daughters, who want a place in the Army and Navy set at Washhington.

Jefferson Davis will probably add something to the burdens of Democracy shortly. He is to deliver an address before the Southern Historical Society at its annual meeting, soon to be held at Nashville.

Mr. Gunther, a member of Congress from Wisconsin, came as an immigrant from Germany sixteen years ago. He is now about to visit the Fatherland for the first time since his arrival in America.

Dorman B. Eaton, of the Civil Service Commission, says that about ten thousand goverment offices will be under the eye the reform board. This supervision, however, extends only to the qualification of applicants for vacancies.

Oregon has been refused $30,000 of the $72,000 appropriated by Congress to reimburse the State for expenses incurred by it during the Modoc war, on the ground that she never paid her share of the direct tax levied on the States at the outbreak of the rebellion.

A Cincinnati correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says the plan of the Enquirer coterie of that city is to boom Judge Geddes for the Governorship, and if he is successful, for the Presidency; to beat Pendleton with Converse for the Senatorship; in short, to shelve Pendleton, Thurman and Hoadley and bring forward the so-called Young Democracy.

Mr. Stone, one of Iowa's Ex-Governors and an active prohibitionist, now urges that the liquor question and politics be kept apart. He says: "The Republican party can gain no strength by shouldering this issue again, and I have never thought the temperance question one that could be safely dragged through the pool of party politics."

Prohibitionists of Minnesota have decided to go it alone, and have formed a third party organization. The platform put forth says that in addition to Prohibition the party will advocate the election of President, Vice President and Senators by a direct vote of the people, and will oppose monopolies and protect the interests of labor.

Ex-Postmaster General Creswell, of Maryland, in speaking the other day of progress of the negroes since their emancipation, said: "They have sometimes submitted to the domination of bad leadership; they have been deceived and used by designing men to accomplish personal and discreditable ends in some sections; but, in the main, I think they have done well and made substantial progress."

In Rabun county, Ga., there have been twenty-seven cases of homicide since the termination of the war. Not a single conviction has resulted from all those cases. In the last Presidential election Garfield received but two votes in this county, while Hancock received 532, and could have received more had an effort been made. At the Gubernatorial election preceding, the Democratic vote was 772.

Considering their own international policy, it may be accepted as conclusive that England will not protest against Irish plots against her in America. England's conspiracies against the United States during the Democratic rebellion are rather too fresh in memory to justify belief that England would protest against what she permitted on her own soil among her own citizens. Hence all specials or press telegrams that England protests may be utterly rejected.

Reviewing the Ohio political situation the Dayton Journal finds that the Democracy are in pursuit of a candidate whom they think will command most Methodist votes. Hence Judge Geddes. A few years ago they took Uncle Dick Bishop because he could control the Campbellite vote. It is rather astonishing that such open bids in the cloak of religion should command votes Three fourths of the Campbellites and as great a proportion of the Methodists are Republicans, and yet the religious bait was taken by the one, and may be by the members of the other.

## Bloomfield.

Moving time is on us, and the pliant state of the roads will be favorable to the moving of furniture as well as easy on the corns.

Mr. H. Randle, our courteous and gentlemanly undertaker, is moving from his former home at the saw and plaining mill to the McCaskey, formerly the Beck house. This will bring him nearer his place of business. Mr. Joseph Petit moves into the house which he vacates.

The winter term of Freeman' College School closes on the 31st. Mr. Joseph S. Beall, its teacher, has had a successful term, being the first teacher in the new house. It is located to the detriment of a majority of the school, and some who were especially officious in controling the location, it is supposed now, will never enjoy its advantages.

Mr. Beall, on Monday next, removes with his family from this village to his former home on the hill south of Bloomfield.

On Sabbath, the 25th inst., Rev. Simpson closed his work in Clark Presbyterian Church, preaching an anniversary sermon, and gave a resume of the work of the three years of his labors here. He leaves the church in a much more prosperous condition than he found it three years ago. Eighty seven have been added to the church, eight by letter and seventy-nine by profession. The benevolent work each year has shown an advance over the one preceding it, and the whole showing as favorable results as any three consecutive years of the church's history.

A gathering of a very pleasant character came together at the residence of Mr. James Graham, just below the village of Bloomfield, on Thursday, March 29th. This was Mr. Graham's 65th birthday, and some of his friends and neighbors had arranged a surprise visit for the occasion. He had been spending a few days with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson. On Thursday morning J. A. Finley Esq. brought him to Bloomfield and detained him there until his friends and neighbors could gather at his home. About 11 o'clock A. M. Esq. F. conveyed him to his home, when on entering, he was pleasantly surprised to receive the greetings of a goodly number of his friends and relatives, who were waiting his arrival. At the dinner hour about forty persons partook with his family of a most sumptuous dinner, which for quantity and quality could hardly have failed to satisfy the most fastidious appetite. After all had partaken of dinner and assembled together in the parlor, Rev. Simpson tendered to Mr. Graham the congratulations of those present on this anniversary of his birth, and the wish that he might enjoy many more anniversaries, and presented, in behalf of the donors, the presents brought for the occasion, among which was a fine cane-seated Boston rocker. Mr. G's feelings would not allow him to speak, and Mr. J. A. Finley came to his relief and responded for him. The whole affair passed off delightfully, and all present enjoyed the occasion, and the more so because of the pleasure afforded to Mr. Graham at this mile post in his life journey. May his remaining days all be as pleasant. HAROLD.

## A Few Facts Concerning Presbyterians.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AGE:—In connection with the announcement as made elsewhere in your columns the following facts may be of interest:

Of protestant people, taking the would over, those holding the doctrines and forms of government of the Presbyterians are largely in the majority. There are in the United States about one million Presbyterian communicants and some four million of adherents. The strongholds of the church are the States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Of the newer States, Kansas outranks all others as to the proportionate amount of Presbyterianism. There are only a few thousands of the colored and other unlettered people of the South in the Presbyterian church, and the State of things is such the country over that it has the greatest proportionate amount of the educated people in its ranks. Bancroft, the famous historian, says, "John Calvin was the father of popular education." "Gath," (not a Presbyterian) in a recent letter to one of the Cincinnati dailies, stated that "somehow wherever he wanted to see the grave of a distinguished Revolutionary officer he had to go to a Presbyterian graveyard."

Presbyterians must have some of the wealth of the country or they could not have contributed last year about thirteen million dollars for church and benevolent and educational work. The church largely retains in this land the reputation it has established in other lands for strict morality. In the last thirty years (and we know not for how much longer time) only two children of Presbyterians, and one of those only nominal, and no member of that church has been sent to the Ohio Penitentiary from Coshocton county. Fifty-four ministers left other denominations last year and came into the Presbyterian Church, while twenty-eight left them and went into other churches, chiefly Congregational. One hundred and sixty young men entered the ministry. Two hundred and fifty now ministers are called for the ensuing year, and even then many churches will be left unsupplied.

There are thirty-eight religious denominations in Ohio. Ten of these have congregations in Coshocton county. The principal denominations in the State rank as to number of adherents as follows: First, Roman Catholic; second, Methodists; third, Lutherans; fourth, Presbyterians; fifth, Baptists; sixth, Disciples; seventh, United Brethren; eighth, Reformed; ninth, Congregational; tenth, Protestant Methodist; eleventh, United Presbyterian; twelfth, Protestant Episcopal. There are eight Presbyterian churches in Coshocton county, and two just over the county lines, embracing in their membership Coshocton county people.

There were added to the churches of the Presbytery last year over three hundred intelligent and sober-minded people, professing their faith in Christ.

The Coshocton church might this year celebrate its semi-centennial. It was recognized as a distinct congregation in 1833. Prior to that time there was a united congregation of Mill Creek (Keene) and Coshocton. "Parson" Hunt began his ministry in the old frame building now standing on Fourth street, and in course of removal from the Forbes lot to the foundry lot. It was erected in 1834. It stood then—1856—on the square, and was the gathering place of fifty-six communicants with their friends.

TRUE BLUE.

## Plainfield.

A trial took place here on Saturday last, before R. L. Baker Esq. The parties were R. S. Lawrence, administrator of the estate of John Sharock, deceased, vs Catherine Sharock, the mother. It was a trial of the right of property. Mrs. Sharock, the mother, claimed that on the night before her son's death he gave her eighteen sheep and one horse and a bed owned by him. After the death of young Sharock the widow objected, claiming that it was unlawfully possessed by the claimant; and, through the administrator, had the property seized by replevin. It was a jury trial; Messrs. D. Angle, Sr., Chas. Conley, E. G. Abbott, H. J. Hootman, G. W. McC'aughry and E. L. Duling were the jurors. Four lawyers were employed. The spirited young attorneys of Coshocton, E. J. Stickle and S. H. Nicholas, were pitted against the more sedate and philosophic J. M. Williams and J. A. Mayhugh—the former for the plaintiff, the latter for the defendant. Verdict in favor of plaintiff.

Dr. Kinney is now operating on what is supposed to be a cancer on the side of Mr. D. Cook's neck—a lump growing under the jugular vein. The Dr. is also treating Mr. Alexander Love for cancer on the lip.

Mrs. Worth, of Newcomerstown, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Hesket.

Charles Magness went to Zanesville Monday to clerk in the store of Messrs. Sturtevant and Martin.

The Parker grist mill here and the farm of Jack Smith & Co., two miles from town, will be offered for sale by the Sheriff on Saturday next at 1 o'clock P. M.

A friend writes that they have no corn that will grow in Illinois. Another writes from Indiana the same thing as to that State. Corn is very scarce in this township. Stock hogs 7 cents. M.

## Look Out for Him!

The very able (?) correspondent of the Coshocton Democratic Standard-Commonwealth, from Wills Creek, under the nom de plume "R. R.," who is pleased to vent his spleen on people whose avocation does not agree with his sentiments has moved to town for the purpose of becoming a chronic candidate before the Democratic conventions for some county office. A DEMOCRAT.

## Mr. Vogenitz Takes Exceptions to "W. S. W's." Remarks.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AGE:—You have a correspondent out in Wisconsin who seems to be embittered against "Vogenitz and his flock," meaning, I suppose, the Prohibitionists I do not desire this man's ill will, and will not speak harshly about him. I am only glad to hear him say that he believes in Prohibition at all, even if as he says he wants the traffic "decapitated" in a decent, lawful, orderly manner." According to his words it is only the manner in which prohibition is sought to be brought about in which we differ. He signs himself W. S. W. I do not know the man, therefore I will not address myself to him, but will call the attention of the readers of the AGE to the fallacies, and unjust aspersions of his article. He says he has "a few solid facts resting on the hard pan rock of experience bout high license." We admit that he has, and we want to call your attention as to what these facts are. He says Michigan had a provision in her constitution forbidding the granting of license for many years and it resulted in free rum. License was then adopted and the saloons at once increased, first 25 per cent, and next, when the legislature with unparalleled courage, gave the crank that last fearful turn the amazing result followed that out of 3,970 saloons 526 had to quit *because they had not customers enough to collect this heavy tax from*, but the 3,444 saloons that were left no doubt prospered greatly and were fully able to supply the demand, and like the saloon-keepers of Bloomington he tells about, they were exactly suited, and "would stubbornly resist a return to low license" But now do not overlook the most important feature, as he calls it, among these facts—the money paid into the treasury. Think of it! $913,684 in one year paid in by these saloons! What a good business they have done to have been able to pay this amount. Why the State would speedily attain to unheard of prosperity were it not for the unfortunate fact that for every dollar paid in by the traffic, five times as much must be paid out to repair the ravages of the liquor sold.

While this correspondent has searched the statistics of Michigan and can tell us all about the decrease in the number of saloons in that State, he has forgotten to inform himself whether there was also a corresponding decrease in the amount of liquor sold. The facts in the case are that Michigan is to-day cursed with the liquor traffic as is our own State, and the people there are clamoring for constitutional prohibition. They see the utter failure of the license system, and will, from all indications, soon be free from it. Wherever license has been tried it has never resulted in reducing the saloons over one-half, and these could sell about the same amount of liquor as was sold before by all, and in consequence of this increased custom they were enabled to pay this tax; and these vampires themselves would stubbornly resist a return to low license—as this correspondent himself tells you—even where it is fifty dollars per month, as in Bloomington, Illinois, where *only* 32 saloons flourish in a city of about 17,000! I wonder how many baker and butcher shops she supports. We will venture to say not so many as that. But then there is the *revenue*—$10,200 in one year! How many little boys went hatless, ragged and hungry, unfitted to be sent to school, growing up in idleness and vice, doomed to the infirmary, prison or gallow, after while, because the laws permitted the saloon keeper to collect this tax from their demented fathers? How many little girls went shoeless in winter, pinched with cold and woe, growing up in squalor and wretchedness in a drunkard's home, destined to become that most pitiful of human objects, a lost, degraded woman, because the money which should have been used for the support of the family went into the treasury, collected by the saloon keeper. Could this money locked up in the coffers of the State speak and tell how it got there, no Christian hand would touch it. The rumseller paid none of it; he only collected it from the deluded victims, upon whom he was licensed to prey upon conditions that he divided his ill gotten gains with the State. These are the facts that rest upon hard pan rock. This W. S. W. talks about ideal prohibitionists being silent partners of the saloon keepers of Ohio. What absurdity. A share in the profits constitute partnership, therefore those who favor license are the partners. Let the question of license and prohibition be submitted to the people who will vote together. Why the rum drinkers, rum makers and license men vote the same ticket. It is plain as to who are partners,

I. B. VOGENITZ.

## Final Letter to F. M. Cummings, Yankee Ridge, O.

MY LEARNED FRIEND:—Your open letter of the 24th inst., addressed to me through THE AGE reached me on time, even "as far away as Indiana," and now lies before me. For this very distinguished mark of favor, you will please accept my thanks, the more especially since you seem to manifest much sympathy for "treading on my corns," and as a specific for wounded feelings you recommend a certain salve, wishing me speedy recovery. We hasten to assure you, my good Doctor, that we are not afflicted or wounded by anything emanating from your prolific pen or fertile brain. Your sympathies, therefore, however well meant, are wholly misplaced and entirely gratuitious, and goes to show that even Doctors of Divinity may sometimes fail in their diagnosis of a case, as a palliative.

Doctor Cummings, on puzzling his cranium for a month and ransacking all through his theological dispensary, finally discovers his lo! Eureka! in the Book of Proverbs, 20th chapter and 31 verse. To the intelligent readers of THE AGE the Doctor's letter of condolence and the remedy which he proposes is convincing proof that he considers it always a safe antidote against the sharp and incisive logic of facts. He proposes nothing else; has nothing to offer in refutation of a single idea advanced by us in a former article. This is a very ingenious trick of certain schools of theological doctors, for which letters patent were granted away back in the dark ages. It effectually shuts out the light which always follows investigation.

The Doctor claims and is accorded the right to be heard through the columns of a public journal on any subject upon which he chooses to write; but assumes the role of Sir Oracle, when he opens his mouth or takes up his pen, let all the people keep silent. No man dare call in question anything he sends out broadcast in the public prints, except at the risk of being blutted a fool. A very cheap salve, doctor, don't cost you a nickle; however, it may be productive of some good; doubtless it has caused many people to take a peep into the Bible, just to see how a great luminar who doubtless aspires to shine as a star of the first magnitude in the galaxy of the theological heavens which surround Yankee Ridge and the classic banks of the beautiful Walhonding can meet an opponent and flay him alive. We might politely ask our Doctor to test the merits of another salve by putting it in his pipe and smoking it, found in the same book of Proverbs, 26 h chapter and 5th verse; but as it would be both undignified and unkind to do so, we shall not attempt it. The best salve known to me, and the only one possessing genuine merit is one for the eyes of those who are so "blind they will not see."

In taking leave of you, good Doctor, allow me to express my very high appreciation of your learning and talents as a theologian and scholar, and should it ever be our fortune to meet you, we shall most assuredly shake hands over the bloodless chasm!

GEO. A. WELLMAN.

Wabash, Ind., March 31, 1883.

## Will the Democracy Break Up?

The signs of dissension in the Democratic party are well calculated to revive the languishing hopes of the Republican managers. "Before the Democratic party can win in 1884," says the *World*, "it must fight out the tariff issue within its own ranks." The purpose of this fight is to determine whether the party will "tolerate protective taxes as distinct from revenue taxes."

A party that begins the year preceding a Presidential election with an internal conflict of this nature may as well abandon the idea of electing the President the year afterward. If the Democracy were still united, it would certainly sweep the country in 1884; but what possibility of success can remain to it if it enters upon the next great contest after a merciless and embittered struggle for supremacy between the extreme free traders and the incidental protectionists who have hitherto managed to live in harmony within its lines? If, after the precipitation of such an issue within the party, the protectionists should prove to be the stronger faction, would the defeated and conquered free traders submit patiently to their fate, and still vote with enthusiasm for the candidates and the platform imposed upon them by their adversaries? If the free traders should win the battle, and narrow the once Catholic and tolerant Democracy into a party proclaiming free trade with all foreign countries as its supreme and exclusive dogma, would the protectionists hasten to renounce their cherished opinions, and accept with cheerful resignation the policy and the leaders dictated by the harsh decree of war. These are questions that every man can answer himself. A house divided against itself cannot stand.

It is peculiarly unfortunate for the Democrats that this internecine starts out with the proscription of a statesman of the quality and antecedents of Samuel J. Randall. When such a man is to be stricken down because he thinks it proper and necessary in levying duties on imports to pay some regard to the situation and the security of important industries of our own country, and when those who would thus proscribe him, while clamoring for free trade as a theory, are still doing their utmost to maintain protection for their own local interests, such, for instance, as the manufacture of whisky how is it possible to anticipate anything but renewed disaster and final and hopeless overthrow for such a party?

Hitherto the Democrcy has remained powerful, in spite of every error and every folly, because it has remained united; but if all union is to be destroyed by a body of intolerant theorists, if the time-honored liberty of thought and action is no longer to be permitted, we may bid a sad farewell to the expectation of seeing a Democratic President inaugurated on the fourth of March 1886.—N. Y. Sun (Dem.)

## LETTER FROM COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS, O., April 3.

And still the Legislative grind goes on. Last Thursday both houses adjourned—their regular tri-weekly; and it will be Wednesday before anything of importance is transacted in either branch. This is supposed to be the last of these tri-weekly adjournments, although the Legislature is not likely to adjourn before the 23d. This spinning out of the sessions of the General Assembly has always afforded ground for a good deal of growling on the part of people who believe in doing things in a whirl. But, as the members get no more salary, no matter how protractive the sessions may be, it would seem the people might acquiesce without a murmer. But growling comes natural to some people, and if the Legislature rushed things and adjourned promptly, the same discontented people would grumble because sufficient time is not taken in considering and maturing bills.

NEW BILLS.

Among the measures that have been enacted into laws the past week, are:

Giving a first lien on property to claims of laborers, mechanics, etc.

For the better protection of children, preventing their being confined in the cells with adults.

An amendment to the game laws, allowing quail to be killed only in November; turkey from Nov. 1 to Jan. 15; grouse, pheasants and teal from Sept 1 to March 31; woodcock from July 4 to Dec. 31; and prohibiting snaring birds, disturbing pigeons roosting, and making it a misdemeanor to hunt on grounds without the owner's consent.

Prohibiting the catching of fish otherwise than by hook and line from June 1 to Oct. 1, and making a violation of this a misdemeanor.

For paying Clerks and treasurers of boards of education out of the contingent fund.

Allowing cemetery associations to create sinking funds.

Amending the law relative to the admissission of paupers into cemeteries. And a joint resolution, submitting to a vote of the people in October, an amdndment to the judiciary article of the state constitution. The amendment vests the judicial power of the state in a supreme court, circuit courts, courts of common pleas, courts of probate, justices of the peace, and such other courts, inferior to the Supreme Court as the General Assembly may from time to time establish.

THE SENATE ALIVE.

The Senate has grown restive under the criticisms of the press upon the slowness of action on various measures, notably, the temperance matter. It is generally classed with the House in such strictures, when the fact is the delay and dilly dallying is entirely in the House. The upper house has in fact been very brisk in disposing of business. It meets with a large calendar, runs it off, and then adjourns until the House is ready to send over another batch.

In Temperance legislation it has been especially prompt. It took up and passed the Kinney resolution on short notice. When the House finally sent back the Pugsley amendment thereto, the Senate was equally prompt in killing it, and they are now awaiting the action of the conferance committee which will report to both houses, Wednesday. The report will be in the shape of an amendment, very near the original one by Jones and it is hoped to push it through at once, for after this week it will be eternally to late to give it the necessary six month's advertising before October 9, election day.

The supporters of Judge Geddes for Democratic gubernatorial candidate favor an early convention a long aggressive campaign, believing the Democratic party able to stand the "racket."

Speaking of Geddes, the quiet meeting of his henchman here, last week, is already bearing fruit. The papers are talking of his candidacy, and a good many think he is the coming candidate for the Democratic party.

The idea is to put him before the people after the manner of Bishop in 1876, and that his following among his Methodist brethern will be such as will greatly reduce the Republican vote. Singularly enough, their leaders are willing to acknowledge that the religious element of Ohio is more largely with the Republican party than with the Democrats. The Methodists are considered to be clannish and Geddes is known throughout the State as a representative Methodist. The church is proud of him, and the Democrats think he would carry his church vote as Bishop carried that of the Campbellites in 1876. They might add that the whisky element of their party cannot be estranged and that the whisky men seem satisfied they can control the Judge as easy as the Legislature that would be elected with him.

And now for a bit of inside news. When the Democratic State Convention meets, it will be found that Geddes has made terms with nearly all the delegates of that body. His candidacy will have to be fought fiercely from now till Convention time, or his nomination will be sure. He is emphatically a mixer, and the superior of Judge Hoadley in popular qualifications, in pious reputation, and in general underhand wire working ability. If he can get through the Convention he will make the most thorough campaign ever made since the famous Foster-Ewing campaign. He will travel night and day over the State, speaking and praying, and the Republicans will find him the hardest kind of a man to tackle.

Judge Geddes is as ambitious as Cæsar, as diplomatic as Tallyrand, as self willed as Jackson, and as flexible morally as Jeff Davis, whom he resembles more than any other politician in Ohio.

The Republicans have not yet started the campaign boom, but the candidate will be stronger than Geddes. FARRAND.

## Newcomerstown

The elections last Monday went off peaceably into a decided victory for the Democracy of Oxford township. The officers of our township for the next year are as follows: Trustees, John Burris, Sylvester Sheets and Levi D. Williams Treasurer, Geo. W. Miskimin. Clerk, Geo. W. Hoglan. Assessor, Wm. Couts. Constable, Wm. Shutts. In the corporation the whole people's ticket was elected and the "town hall, yes," got a majority of 77.

Frank Miskimin and Joseph Lyons wete chosen members of the board of education for three years,

According to announcement in our last leetter, Mrs. Woodbridge delivered a temperance lecture in the M. E church last Saturday night. On Sunday morning she occupied the Presbyterian pulpit and preached the word of God to a large audience. Sunday afternoon a children's meeting was held in the M. P. Church and was addressed by Mrs. Woodbridge. In the evening at the Lutheran church a mass meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held and a very interesting address delivered by this prominent lady. Mrs Woodbridge is an able speaker and an earnest worker in the good cause of temperance.

The United Brethren are holding series of revival meetings in Crater's Hall, of this place under the leadership of Rev. Cecil, of Navarre, Ohio.

W. Shields and Dr. A. M. Beers were in New Philadelphia last Tuesday.

Miss Nora Peck, of Evansburgh, was visiting relatives at this place last week.

The enjine for the new foundry has arrived and a portion of the machinery is now on the ground. Work is progressing rapidly and in a few weeks everything will be in running order. The engine is a beauty and 24 horse power.

Rev. Summers is spending a week at his home in Shelby, Ohio.

The funeral of Jesse Dickerson whose death was recorded in last weeks "AGE," took place last Friday afternoon from the Lutheran church Rev. Summers assisted by Rev. Tedrow, of Shanesville, conducted the funeral services. Mr. Dickinson was a mon universally beloved and a great number followed his remains to the cemetery. He was a member of the dry goods firm of Smith and Dickeinson and died at the age of 59 years, leaving a wife, daughter and three sons. "DOANE."

## The Lion and Lamb Lie Down Together at Warsaw

Strange things are coming to pass so frequently of late that the superitions are disposed to prophecy that the end of the world is not far off.

One of the very strange things of recent occurrence was the refusal of the M. E. Church of our place to a distinguished temperance lecturer, under the auspices of the Grand Worthy Chief Templar of Ohio. The reason of the refusal is not quite apparent, though it is claimed, 1st, quarterly meeting was coming on and the trustees did not want the church dirted; 2nd., that the lecturer was formerly a Colonel in the Confederate army; 3rd., that he had been a Tilden elector for the State of Kentucky; and 4th, that Warsaw is a temperance town and does not desire any more lectures on that subject.

But in this year 1883, we think for these offences the gallant Colonel might have been forgiven for having been a reb, at least. It might have taken more Christian grace than usu-

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

ally falls to most mortals to forgive him for having been a Tilden man, but even that, we think, the broad mantel of charity might have covered.

But the strangest part is yet to come. The meeting was announced for Markley's Hall, and quite an audience was present, youth and beauty in profusion. But where, O, where, were the old wheel horses of the temperance movement?

Their old hoary heads that have so often in public and in private admonished us of the evils of intemperance? Echo answers where? Not at the meeting at least. But Joseph Miller at least. But Joseph Miller Esq., sits on the right. Ex-saloon keeper Markley is conspicious and has everything in apple-pie order, and takes especial pains to make everybody comfortable. The lecture was rich and racy; everybody was delighted, and the distinguished Southerner was cordially invited to return at as early a day as possible, with the promise that he should be greeted with a large audience and substantial evidence of the aspirations of the Warsaw people. "So mote it be." X.

### Bethlehem

The past winter was one of unusual religious interes in our churches, and many have read their title clear, while the tried and staid members can say, "nearer my God to thee."

Death too has not been idle and many dear ones have crossed over the beautiful river and as the curtain fell between us and them, we were not left on the desert waste or under the barren tree of infidelity to mourn without hope; but have the blessed hope that we too, if faithful to the end as time is short, will cross in safety.

Wheat is making a sorry appearance at this time, being anything but healthy and vigorous and will with the very best of chances from now until harvest, fall short of last year's crop.

It is too soon to say how much farming will be done this season along our streams, but we are certain but little can be done with safety, until the canals and levees are repaired.

It seems the elements, congress and the worthless curs are determied to annihilate our flocks and force the flock-masters to abandon the business for something more certain, as farmers report sad havoc among their sheep the past winter, and entertain fears from the middle men as Congress has given them the advantage over us by throwing open the flood-gates to foreign wool, woolens and the cheap labor of Europe. We confess we are at a loss for any argument or reason for their so doing, but as you very aptly liken them to the actions of a young bull in a pasture field, I am pleased to know, and assure you, they will soon find out whose "heifer is gored." Now we deducted from what the Hon. E. L. Lybargar and Wool Grower said in our valuable columns sometime since, that wool growing under the most favorable auspices is a close business man, and I further assert that we have in this, and many other counties, plenty of land that for any other purpose than grazing sheep sheep on, is not worth the government price per acre. And further, as much of this land is in small farms, no other stock can be kept on it with profit, and as to farming it, that is out of the question. In the name of common sense, how are these men to compete with the cheap labor of Europe?

We are unwilling to see the labor of this country brought to a level of that of Europe, and we as well as Mr. Lybargar will appreciate the effort Congress has mane to furnish two cigars for the one 'Wool Grower' claimed for his profits.

It is gratifying to parents that our schools have been a success the past winter, for which they are under many obligations to the Board of Examiners for the efficient teachers and their good work. Miss. A. Swartz's school closed Friday, or rather Saturday, as she had a rousing exhibition as an extra, and both the teacher and pupils acquitted themselves very creditably.

Mr. John Wheatcraft, while carrying up a corner at a raising last week, struck nearly the full width of the blade of an axe on the inside of his knee, receiving such a wound as to make the stoutest heart faint.

Mr. Francis Oglevie's oldest daughter fell and broke her arm.

Miss Anna Waring, during the icy spell in February, sprained her ankle and is not able to walk yet.

Mrs. Jane Skillman is very low with a sprained hip and lung trouble.

Mrs. Kate Ogleavie fell and broke her thigh.

The numerous friends of Adaline Sullivan, *nee* Richards, will be grieved to hear that she departed this life last week, leaving an aged mother and two interesting little boys to mourn her loss.

### The Drummer's Luck.

Once Upon a Time a Drummer Found Himself in Hard Luck. Trade was Mighty Dull, and he could Not Sell a Thing. All he Could do was to sit Around in the Hotels and borrow Tobacco from the other Guests. At last he Tackled a Tradesman, but the Latter would not buy Anything from him, and turned a Deaf Ear to All his Taffy. The Drummer was not to be Put off that way. He said: "I will bring my Sample Trunk to Your Store, and you will have to buy Something." "No, no," said the Tradesman, "You Need not Put Yourself to any such Trouble for I Will not Buy." The Drummer, however, with the Pertinacity of his Tribe, had his Sample Trunk taken to the Tradesman's Store, and began Opening It. When the Tradesman saw this he said: "You need not Open the Trunk because I shall not buy Anything." Then said the Drummer: "For Heaven's sake, if you Won't let me Open it for your Benefit, let me do it for My Own. I have not seen my Samples in Three Weeks." Moral—It is Sometimes a Cold Day, even for a Drummer.—*Chicago Herald.*

### Dogs With Handles.

A Cincinnati milliner, who had just returned from Paris, was asked what was the strangest fashionable novelty that she had seen. "A dog with a natural handle," she replied. "The Parisian ladies are wild on dogs for pets. The brute is led by a string, and grabbed up at each crossing to be carried over the pavement. When shaggy dogs were in vogue the habit was to pick them up by the hair and they were trained not to yelp. Pugs as smooth as new-born pigs are now the favorites, and of course they have no hair to be lifted by. But a clever surgeon cut the end from a little dog's tail, made an incision in the middle of his back, stuck in the tail tip, let it heal fast, and there was as handy a handle as could be wished for."

A jeweler, named Green, used his position as a juryman to advance his business interests. It was in the Superior Court, and as each attorney asked his name he drew forth a brilliantly illuminated business card and handed it to the questioner with, "Allow me, my card, sir."

Always look before you strike. Philadelphia's policeman, most notorious as a clubber, struck a disorderly stranger a single blow and was promptly knocked down, kicked, dragged over the pavement by his hair, and compelled to beg for mercy. He had hit the Sampson of a circus side show.

A boy stood with an umbrella with a cord tied to it in a public doorway. Eleven persons thought that that umbrella was theirs and carried it with them the length of the string. They then suddenly dropped it and went off without once looking back or stopping to pick it up again.

Thirty years ago a man could only get his portrait in the illustrated papers by performing great deeds of valor; now the same end can be achieved by eating two quail a day for two weeks. This is another evidence of the rapid strides this country is making in the industrial arts—or something that way.

An intoxicated man saw two horse-cars passing him the other evening, with red and blue lights in the front and rear. His fuddled brain comprehended colored lights and he was heard to say to himself: "Must be pretty sick—sickly here; they are running chemists' shops about on whe-wheels."

When you see a sour-faced woman sifting ashes on her icy sidewalk, it is difficult to tell whether she loves the human race or hates the new carpet of her next-door neighbor.

When we see a tightly-laced woman trying to enjoy a good laugh with a smile on her mouth and tears in her eyes, we think of the dear old hymn which begins, "Let joy be unconfined."


# BUY

# COFFMAN'S HARNESS,

And get the benefit of his valuable patent

## Metallic Loops.

These two valuable inventions strike every one who examine them, and ar

## JUST WHAT IS WANTED,

### COFFMAN'S PATENTS.

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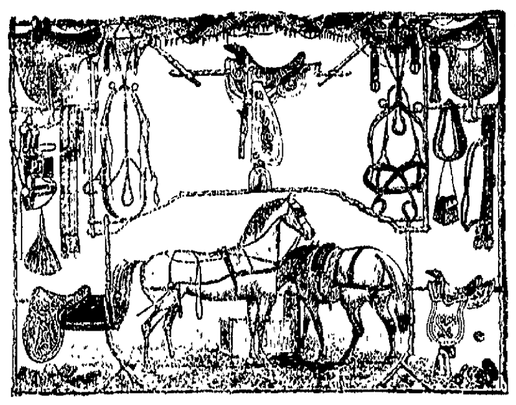

METALLIC LOOPS,

## 2 LOOPS, LOOPS, 2

One kind of this patent Metallic Loop is to be placed in the leather loop of the hip strap, choak strap, martingale, or wherever a loop is needed, in either buggy or heavy draft harness. The other loop is for chain harness only, by means of which the draft of the belly-band is on a direct line with the back-band.

No more ragged loops in your harness, on your back-bands, or belly-bands. Both loops are made of malable iron, and are light and neat, and render the leather loops of all class of harness as durable as any other part of the harness.

**Coffman's Patent Metallic Loops**

Are put in all harness manufactured by him without extra cost to the consumer.

COFFMAN'S Patent Metallic Loop will be put on any harness manufactured by him, which have been bought since January 1, 1883, free of charge.

## COLLARS! COLLARS!

Heavy draft Collars a specialty, made of the best stock and made at home. Work and stock warranted.

## SADDLES, SADDLES.

Our own home-made Saddles in stock or made to order.

TRUNKS,
VALICES,
WHIPS,
LAP ROBES,

And all class of Summer goods.

## Harness Makers, Take Notice!

Coffman keeps constantly on hands a large stock of saddlers hardware.

All work and stock shall be as represented or money refunded.

All letters promptly answered. Freight prepaid to nearest railway station

Come to the shop and see

## Coffman's Patent Loops

before purchasing elsewhere.

# ADAM COFFMAN,

## WARSAW, OHIO.



# THE

# Bald-Headed Truth.

Every one who is hunting for bargains will find that time and money can be saved by giving our New Spring Stock an early inspection. We bulldozed our wholesale dealers with cash, and while they are cutting prices way down to get our trade, we are taking in the goods at Low Rates. We have been on the war path again this spring and are about to do a little missionary work among the people of this vicinity by giving them the benefits of our close buying. The results will be bargains, and spanking good ones too, at prices which will make our customers happy and cast a sad reflection upon our competitors.

OUR NEW STOCK

## IS FULL AND COMPLETE.

Our prices bid defiance to all competition, and you will find there is economy and solid comfort in dealing with us. We will prove to our readers that we are not giving them wind if they will take the trouble to drop in on us. In fact, we are anxious that you should come. It is no trouble to show goods. On the contrary, we will be pleased to exhibit our attraction to everybody.

# Come One, Come all!

If you do not improve this opportunity some day you will be sick when you realize what splendid bargains you have lost. "Catch on."

## D. M MOORE,

ARTIST TAILOR,

Coshocton. Ohio.



# ELLIOTT & MILLER,

## 2d Street, Coshocton, Ohio,

—MAKE—

# Tin Roofing and Spouting

A Specialty. All work WARRANTED in every particular. Besides a new and complete set of Tinner's tools, they have added a large stock of Tinplate, Copper and Sheet-iron of every variety, which enables them to manufacture anything in their line.

The 1st of April they will have the largest and most complete stock of **STOVES** ever brought to the city.



**NERVOUS DEBILITY.**

When all other remedies fail, DR. FRAZIER'S ROOT BITTERS will cure General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb8-1y.

**A NEW DEPARTURE.**

The old-established firm of HANCOCK & CO., Bankers and Stock Brokers, 82 Broadway, New York City, will hereafter secure contracts on one per cent. margin. Also publish weekly quotations, giving the Highest and Lowest Prices of Stocks, and other valuable information on the Stock Market, which they will forward on application.

## STOP KILLING

## YOUR HORSES

By using the old style singletree, and try **Wilson's Spiral Spring**, the very best singletree ever used.

I will sell the above swingletree for the next thirty days at $2.50 per pair. I will deliver goods at Coshocton without extra charge. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Call on or address, W. D. DOTY, Clark's P. O., Coshocton county O. mr 28-tf.

**NOTICE TO BUILDERS.**

The Board of Education of Clark Township, Coshocton county, Ohio, will receive sealed bids for the building of a school house in subdistrict No. 5, until 12 o'clock (noon) on Saturday, April 21st, A. D., 1883. No bid will be accepted unless it is in strict accordance with Section 3988 of the Revised Statutes of the laws of Ohio. Specifications on file at Clerk's Office.

By Order of Board,
G. M. CROM, Clerk.
mar31 4t.

**DR. F. L. POND** of Aurora, Ill., is meeting with wonderful success in the cure of Cancer. Those affected should not fail to consult him at once. **CANCER**

**CONSUMPTION! FREE!**

I have so much confidence in the GREAT GERMAN CONSUMPTION CURE, lately discovered, that I will send the first package of it FREE to any sufferer. Do not give up, it doctors and friends do. Thousands of almost hopeless cases cured by this remedy.

Address, naming this paper,
J. C. MASON, Syracuse, N. Y.
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O C

# BUSINESS

Is on the boom at

## J. W. BARKHURST'S,

(Successor to J. W. STANFORD.)

## IN ROSCOE.

He is taking hold of the Grocery business as though he intended to push it. He will make it to your advantage to call and get prices before you purchase.



# IMMENSE STOCK!

BOUND TO SELL!

## PRICES DOWN

---TO THE---

# BOTTOM.

WE OFFER

**No Broken Assortment,**
**No Old Goods,**
**No Shoddy.**

300
Kinds of Ladies Shoes,
200
Kinds of Misses Shoes,
200
Kinds of Men's Shoes,
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Kinds of Baby Shoes
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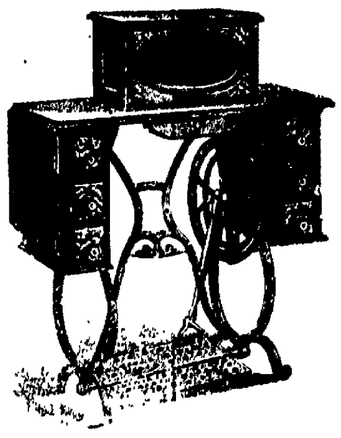

**We have in our possession the following receipted bill:**

*COSHOCTON, O., Feb. 27, 1883,*
*The Coshocton Age:*
*To J. W. SHAW, DR.*
*One No. 8 $60 White Sewing Machine.*
*Received Payment,*
*J. W. SHAW.*

This Machine is the best made by the White Sewing Machine Company, and is not excelled by any machine manufactured. It contains six drawers, drop leaf, and all the attachments, and is elegantly nickle plated. We propose to give this machine to some subscriber of The Age, after the following plan:

To every new subscriber paying one year in advance we will give a ticket.

To every old subscriber who pays all arrearages and one year in advance we will give a ticket.

To every subscriber who is now paid in advance, and who gives us $1.50 for another year we will give a ticket.

In the near future, duplicate tickets of those given out will be placed in a hat and thoroughly mixed. A boy will then be blindfolded, who will draw one ticket, and the person holding the corresponding ticket will be entitled to the machine.

Every one who gives us $1.50 per year for THE AGE will get value received, in the paper alone; and in addition thereto may receive this $60 Sewing Machine.

None of the employees of this office will be given an opportunity to compete. The Machine must go to some one of our patrons.



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This old and reliable Fertilizer, which has been on the market for **eighteen years**, is unsurpassed for use on **Farm, Garden, Lawn, or Flower Bed.** It is a complete manure, rich in all the necessary elements. The Farmer who plants his crops, looking to the money they will return, finds that every dollar's worth of

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

### The Sports and the Stranger.

Three sports got into a railroad car,
A railroad car, with a pack of cards;
They called "here" "hyar" and "there" was "thar,"
And they always spoke to each other as "pards."
For sports there are both good and poor,
Professional and amateur,
Where railroad trains are running.

They [illegible] hand
[illegible] they, and they were one short,
And they asked a stranger if he'd the sand
To try a little game for sport
For strangers there are where men abound,
And you'll always find a stranger round
Where railroad trains are running.

The stranger didn't know the game,
But he was willing to live and learn;
To him the cards were all the same
[illegible] he'd learn!"
And the sport [illegible] and dealt the pack,
And gave him [illegible] and a thick legged
Jack,
As they [illegible] when trains are running.

And then they bet on the poker hand,
And [illegible] the pot to a goodly pile,
And they asked the stranger if he would stand
And the stranger stood, with a simple smile,
And [illegible] the other two,
And the stranger [illegible] as strangers do
Where railroad trains are running.

And then [illegible] breathless hush,
[illegible] sports [illegible] they had got;
But [illegible] a royal flush,
[illegible] pot
For [illegible] sports are natural [illegible],
And the [illegible] cards [illegible]
Where railroad trains are running.

—*Drake's Magazine.*

## ALL IN A LIFETIME.

"Gertrude," and Colonel Harvey drew his pretty daughter upon his knee and took her face between his hands, "did you like the play last night?"

"Lovely, papa! and when Cunaldo comes out and drops on his knees before Rinato and swears—"

"Spare me, Gertrude. I'm only human," laughed her father. "Who was the young man with you? I can't seem to place him."

[illegible] he spoke.

"Why, Charley, of course, papa. The idea of your not knowing Charley Harrington!"

"Clerk with Fodge & Co., I believe," [illegible] her father, "on [illegible] a week and no expectations?" looking at her [illegible].

"I have so," [illegible] to look surprised.

"Don't you understand, Gertie? You are constantly in his company, and people will talk. If he had any prospects it would be different. You have lived long enough to know that money is the first consideration, position next, and [illegible] happens to coincide with the other [illegible] a good thing."

"Yes, papa, but you see I have always been on friendly terms with Charley ever since we used to sit together at school, almost like brother and sister. We never dreamed of making love to one another. Why, papa, you're a goose!" And she caught him playfully by the ear.

"I doubt if Charley is equally heart-whole," her father replied, looking admiringly on her flushed face, "but I feel very much relieved by what you have told me Gertie; so long as you feel that way, I haven't any objection to him. Indeed, I rather admire the fellow's independent ways."

"Papa," and she looked him quietly in the face, "you need have no misgivings about me. My talk may seem foolish sometimes, but it is only talk. I think I have even as good an idea of the value of money as you have, and you may rest assured I shall make no mistake." And with a laughing courtesy she ran from the room.

A few days later, as she and Charley Harrington were returning from a matinee, the latter departed from his usual reserve of manner and made a passionate declaration of love. Gertrude heard him quietly to the end, then with an [illegible] movement [illegible] how long it was [illegible] of [illegible].

"We were getting along so splendidly, Charley," she said pathetically, "and now you must go and spoil it all. It's too bad."

Charley looked at her in astonishment.

"I don't understand," he faltered; "do you mean to say you love [illegible]—"

"Why, you see, we were just good friends before. Now you won't be satisfied with that, but will have to be making foolish speeches all the time. How could you, Charley?" regarding him with her great, innocent-looking eyes.

Charley bit his lip.

"At least we can continue just good friends?" he ventured, moodily.

She regarded him meditatively.

"No, Charley, I don't think we can," she responded; "when a person gets in your condition there is little hope for him. You could never return to the sensible Charley I used to like so well. Beside I don't advocate love, you know; when I marry it will be for something more substantial."

"And I—"

"Will just bid me good-by like your sensible old self, and let me go home. Papa will wonder what keeps me so late."

"But, Gertrude," wistfully, "won't you give me a little hope? I shall go away, and will some day come back rich as even you can desire."

"Very well! If I happen to be single when you come back I shall have no objection. All you want is money to make you a desirable *parti.*"

"Well, Gertrude, I did hope that my love would be enough to win you, but I suppose I was rather simple to entertain such an idea. My purpose, however, is unchanged. I shall have you yet; and as you seem too modern for old-fashioned love, I will go back to mediaeval customs and buy you. I wonder," he continued, looking at her critically, "about how much your father would ask for you?"

"Charley!" with a touch of surprise and pain in her voice.

He laughed lightly.

"Well, good-by, Gertie. Shall we shake hands?"

She gave him her hand silently. But if she expected any further allusion to his love she was mistaken. Just touching the tips of her fingers, he said coolly, "Off for California to-morrow, Gertie," and raising his hat slightly turned down a side street.

She stood gazing after him a few moments, then with a little sob turned toward home.

A few months later, Charley Harrington was one of a party of roughly clad miners who, growing tired of the worn-out diggings at Yankee Flat, struck off into the unexplored wilderness of which the Indians of the mountains had hitherto held undisputed possession. His few months of active life in the open air had imparted to him a more vigorous and hardy appearance than he had known during his confinement at the store. Already his rough companions began to look upon him with respect; their few attempts to take advantage of his supposed greenness had resulted so disasterously to them that they concluded in the future to take sides with rather than against him. His one object seemed to be to accumulate money, and where his companions disposed of the greater part of their dust at the bars and card-table, every grain of his went into paying claims or other easily turned property. Though he was never known to take unfair advantage in any of his dealings, yet it was understood that he expected and would claim every farthing of what was due to him, and that he never allowed sentiment or pity to interfere with his business transactions.

Although he had been among them but a short time, he was looked upon as a successful miner, and was regarded with envy by the new comers. When the project of prospecting the very centre of the territory possessed by the warlike hill-Indians was broached he was the first to respond to it. The expedition would be attended with such terrible dangers and hardships, however, that few could be induced to join it. At length, won by the reports of enormous riches concealed in the mountains, a dozen bold spirits struck off into the wilderness. Tobacco Bill, the noted Indian fighter, was to lead the expedition, and he declared it as his belief that every one who escaped the vengeance of the Indians and the teeth of the grizzlies would come back loaded down with gold.

"But the Injuns, boys," he would say dubiously, "that's the rub. They're thicker'n hornets and a durned sight more spiteful. Mebbe we'n slip 'em, though, an' if we do, boys, I'll show ye something that would make our friends at Yankee Flat turn wild if they could see it. I've been thar. Great flakes big as marbles an' thick as grasshoppers;" and his eyes sparkled greedily at the recollection of the gold.

The report of the dangers which would beset them had not been exaggerated. On the third day out they were attacked by Indians and two of their number killed. The next day a comrade became too venturesome and fell from a precipice to the stones below. Another was attacked by a contagious disease and abandoned.

But at length after weeks of hardship the goal of their hopes was reached. Bruised, ragged and exhausted, all their sufferings were forgotten in the glittering prize spread out before them. Deep between two overhanging cliffs, where the sun never penetrated, and far even from the haunts of the nomadic Indians, the riches of the earth seemed to be hidden away. Great boulders of quartz, whose original color was almost lost in the glittering crust of yellow metal which overspread them were everywhere. Scattered over the ground were nuggets almost as large as hens' eggs, which had lain there for countless ages. Little wonder that the weariness of the men was forgotten, or that they toiled far into the night, ceasing only when they had to drop for very weakness.

Day after day they worked on, scarcely speaking to one another lest they might lose a moment from the precious harvest. Night after night the rich results of the day's toil were hidden away in the common treasury until at length the leader gave orders to discontinue work, as they already had more than they could carry away.

Then came another long march through the country of the red-men and wild beast, and one after another was left behind, with no further use for the treasure they had worked so hard to obtain.

One day the miners of Yankee Flat were surprised to see four gaunt, fierce-eyed men stagger into camp bending under the weight of what appeared to be a bundle of skins. It was some time before they were recognized as members of the almost forgotten prospecting expedition. But they answered all the eager questions with scowls and threats, and when one curious miner approached too near their bundles they shot him down with fierce curses. After that they were let alone, and a few days subsequently quietly disappeared.

Some six weeks later Colonel Harvey was sitting in his costly home, looking anxiously over some papers just received from his lawyer.

"Ruined!" he groaned. "Hopelessly ruined! Oh, poor Gertrude!"

At that moment he heard steps outside, and a moment after a stern, care-worn man entered the room. Colonel Harvey looked at him curiously. His face was strangely familiar, but he could not recognize the fierce eyes and half gray hair.

"Colonel Harvey," the apparition began abruptly, "I have come to buy your daughter. What is the price?"

"Sir?" shouted the colonel, bounding from his seat.

"Don't get excited," continued his visitor, satirically. "I am only Charley Harrington, come after your daughter. My love could not win her, so I have come to buy her. You are utterly ruined. I have bought up your notes. I have gold, more than you ever dreamed of in your wildest moods. Go tell your daughter I have come after her."

"You still love her?" inquired the colonel, looking at him doubtfully.

"No, that all died out as I lay awake at night in the mountains thinking of my treatment. Think you that sufferings enough to turn my hair gray and make an old man of me would not destroy the greatest love? But I offer what is better—gold. Call Gertrude."

But why prolong the story? All the city is acquainted with Gertrude's marriage with the enormously rich but half crazy miner, and how he keeps her in the strictest seclusion, while she apparently worships the very ground he treads on.

### Thought He Laughed.

It was a good many years ago, when we were more conscientious as to the quantity than the quality of the matter that we furnished the newspaper with which we were connected.

Seated in a railroad car we noticed that the individual, a great, broad-shouldered, powerful looking man, who sat directly in front of us, was reading a copy of our paper, and from the way in which it was folded we could tell that it was one of our own articles, a humorous sketch in which we took much pride, that was absorbing his attention.

Never was man subjected to closer scrutiny than he from the moment of this discovery: "He will like that," we soliloquized. "It will make him laugh when he gets to the nub of it."

We almost envied him the pleasure that was in store for him. Presently he appeared to be chuckling at a great rate, we could not see his face, but his neck was suffused with blood. Evidently he was enjoying himself hugely.

Then the thought occurred to us that he would be pleased to make the acquaintance of the author of the sketch and we leaned over, touched him on the arm and said:

"You appear to be amused. May I ask——" but we did not finish the sentence.

He turned suddenly and scowled upon us in a way that was altogether discouraging.

"Beg your pardon sir, I thought you laughed," we added.

"Well, I didn't. Why should I laugh? What difference is it to you anyhow, if I did laugh?"

We stammered another apology and he resumed his reading.

In about two minutes he turned upon us again, and with a face full of malignity exclaimed:

"I've a good notion to wring your neck for you, you impudent puppy."

It pained us extremely to be addressed in this manner, but there was so much of earnestness and meaning in his tone and manner, and our strong prejudice in favor of unwrung necks was so great, that we refrained from resenting it.

Then he went on with his paper. Again we were hopeful that all would yet be well. Surely he had not reached the funniest part; he could never withstand that, however brutal and unappreciative he might be. But, alas, he finished the article without betraying the slightest gleam of pleasure; on the contrary his face seemed to grow harsher and harder looking and he finally folded the paper, turned to his seat so that he could obtain a full view of us, and sat there glowering at us for fully half an hour.

Here was a man without a particle of humor in his make up. We would have been interested in making a study of his face, if we had dared; we would have pitied had we not feared him.

Presently the tight set muscles relaxed, and soon a smile lit up his face, and he extended his hand toward us.

"Ah, ha! It has fetched him at last," thought we. It was our first great triumph, and we felt, in our exultation, that we could forgive even him, and we took the proffered hand.

Then he spoke: "My boy," said he, "I am sorry I talked to you as I did; I am satisfied now that you had no intention of being impertinent. You are, I can see, fresh from the plow, unacquainted with the ways of the great world, and perfectly thoughtless of the fact that a man dislikes nothing so much as to be punched in the back when he is reading, especially where he is being nearly choked to death with the asthma at the time. Besides, I was in a very bad humor, anyhow, or I wouldn't have done it. You see I got hold of an article in that paper that I was just reading and such another piece of idiocy I never came across in my born days. If there's anything in the world I hate, it's a fool; and if there's one kind of fool I hate worse than another it's one of these fool writers. Well, this rot, that I'm talking about, made me so damn mad that I forgot that I was a gentleman. Here, I'll show it to you and, I'll venture to say you'll not blame me for being in a bad humor.

Then he went down into his pocket, hauled out the paper, and pointed—yes, pointed at our gem.

Did we own its authorship? No. Craven-like, we pretended to read it and then feebly rendered our verdict with his. Told him that under such aggravation, his conduct was perfectly excusable, and at his urgent solicitation took the seat alongside of him, and listened with respectful attention for three hundred miles to a man whom we loathed.

We never forgave that man until the other day when we happened on the article and read it, and then our sympathies were with him.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

## OUR BOYHOOD TOYS.

### What the Youngsters of the Last Generation Amused Themselves With.

The boys of to-day would have a very poor opinion of the toys that amused us when we were young. We can hardly find any of the old-time toys for sale in this luxurious age. Our children would doubtless turn up their noses at the primitive toys that amused their fathers—the Noah's ark, with its painted windows and red roof that lifted up with a hinge; old Noah, with a blue coat and a tendency to tumble down and damage his wooden features, and his wife, with green legs and a figure built on the churn pattern—we used to knock them in endwise through the roof, and drop them down into the cellar with the elephant, the cow and the kangaroo, and fasten them all up securely by locking the roof with a piece of wire. And then there was the wooden sheep with wool glued on his back, and the pasteboard cat, and the spotted china dog, and the tin cow with the wooden tail, and the horse that was mounted on wheels; how constantly they became unglued and how rapidly they tottered into old age and decrepitude; but we enjoyed the possession of these monstrosities, and thought them the perfection of human ingenuity. We treasured these caricatures of the animal kingdom, and we honestly believe that we got a great deal more enjoyment out of them than the children of to-day get out of the modern toys that work by steam and electricity, and that are constructed with some consideration for natural appearance.

The little flat books that had pictures in red and yellow and green, of A was-an-archer-that-shot-at-a-frog, and B was a something or other that did something else equally absurd. What treasures this linen-paged literature seemed to our unsophisticated minds, and it exasperates us to see the calm indifference with which our children treat the finest specimens of the lithographer's and wood engraver's art that appear in the many publications now specially prepared for the young folks. This is an age of progress and luxury, but we question whether a boy can get more fun out of the self cocking toy-pistol, that carries a real ball and cartridge, and will burst and blow all his fingers off, than his predecessors got out of the primitive pop-gun, that discharged nothing more dangerous than a paper wad.

### Tom Ochiltree's Joke.

A story is going the rounds at the expense of Congressman-elect "Tom" Ochiltree, which the Boston *Traveler* says, is vouched for as entirely correct by that distinguished Texas statesman. Once when he and Mace were both staying at the St. Charles hotel, New Orleans, he remarked to a friend that the "slugger" did not look to be a very quick man, and finally made a bet of a basket of wine that he could give him a blow and escape punishment by instantly apologizing, before the fighter had time to put up his fists. Accordingly, Ochiltree approached the champion of the ring, and without a word struck him on the nose with his open hand. But before he could open his mouth to utter the apology, the bystanders saw a vision of a fiery red head and mustache and a nice new dress suit presumed to inclose the figure of a man, knocked from the end of the bar through the folding-doors out on the sidewalk. Ochiltree was at once picked up and repaired by his friends. Then they assisted him into Mace's presence, and he explained that he had tapped that worthy's nose merely to carry out a wager, and said he was sorry—which was quite evident. "Then that's hall right," quoth Mace, turning to the crowd: "and I'm glad Hi didn't 'it 'im 'ard."

New military regulation—"Captain, you will see to it that the men in your company change their shirts tw——" "Why, General, they have only one each!" "Haw, well, let them exchange shirts among themselves."—*Charivary.*

The Philadelphia *News* gives this definition of a theatre party: A theatre party is a volunteer home troupe, whose business it is to keep the audience amused while the people on the stage are speaking.

### Yankee Coolness.

A good story is told of Capt. W. G. Nichols, of Searsport, Me., while a prisoner on board the Confederate cruiser Shenandoah. After burning the Delphine, the Confederate steamer was headed for Melbourne and soon sighted a bark to which she gave chase, and after a long run came up, only to learn that it was a British vessel and that the coal burned in the chase had been wasted. Two or three days after, upon coming on deck one morning, Captain Nichols found the steamer off her course and running for another vessel just visible in the dim distance. Picking up the telescope lying on the after house, Capt. Nichols, after a long, careful look, became satisfied the sail in sight was the ship David Brown, of which his brother-in-law, Capt. Phineas Pendleton, Jr., was in command, and of which he owned a part. Not desiring to have any of his relatives meet him in such company, and not wishing to see any more of his property burned by the Confederates, Capt. Nichols put down the glass and burst into a hearty laugh. Capt. Waddell, who was near by, asked: "What are you laughing at, Captain?" "Oh, nothing," said Capt. Nichols laughing again. "I believe," said Capt. Weddell, "you've made out that vessel to be the Englishman we overhauled the other day." "Well," said Capt. Nichols, "have it your own way, Captain, I'm only a passenger, you know.' Capt. Waddell, satisfied that his surmise was correct, ordered the steamer put up on her course again, allowing the David Brown to go on her way, with Capt. Pendleton all unconscious that he had been within a few miles of a rebel steamer carrying his sister, her husband and his little nephew to a far foreign port, and that by the coolness and quick wit of his brother-in-law he had been prevented from losing his ship and making one of their party. After getting ashore at Melbourne, Capt. Nichols told the story. "Then," said Capt. Waddell, "you must have lied to me." "No, no, I didn't," said Capt. Nichols, "for, don't you remember I said to you, 'Have it your own way, Captain, I'm only a passenger.'" And Capt. Waddell did remember it, and could but own that he was outwitted.

### A Rare Opening.

The other day, a man who had probably seen better days, entered the office of a capitalist on New Street, and desired a private interview with the proprietor. When they were closeted together, he stated that he was the author of a drama, entitled "Three Days in a Swamp," and he was about organizing a company to take the road and play the country towns in the spring. He wanted someone to advance him $2,500 and take a half-interest in the profits, which would be at least $8,000.

"Excuse me, but I do not care to go into such a speculation," observed the capitalist.

"You can act as treasurer, and handle all the funds."

"Yes, but I can't leave here."

"You can send your son or a friend."

"No; I cannot go into it."

"I'll advertise your name on the bills," pleaded the author.

"No."

"I'll say two-thirds of the profits."

"No."

The author walked up and down a moment, while contending with a great mental struggle, and then he made a last appeal, saying:

"Of course, the part of the hero was reserved for myself, but if you'll go in with me you can play Sligo, the Swamp Cat, and I'll be satisfied with second old man; it's hard to corner me this way, but I'll have to bend to circumstances."—*Wall Street Daily News.*

### He'd Scoop a Little.

About the time that Daniel Drew began his Wall street career he was up the country one time to visit some friends, and two farmers called upon him to decide a case. One had sold the other five bushels of wheat, and proposed to measure it in a half bushel, and sweep the top of the measure with a stick. The other objected, and Uncle Daniel was asked to decide.

"Well, legally speaking, a bushel is only a bushel," he answered.

"And can the measure be swept off?"

"I think it can."

"What with?"

"Well, if I was selling wheat I should probably use half the head of a flour barrel."

"Which edge of it?"

"Gentlemen, that is a point I cannot now decide on," sighed the old man. "If I was selling to a widow or a preacher I am certain that I should sweep the measure with the straight edge, but if I was selling to a man who pastures his cows in the road and his pigs in his neighbor's corn, I'm afraid I should use the circular side, and scoop a little to boot."—*Wall Street Daily News.*

### He Understood It.

A woman who got aboard the Eastern bound train on the Detroit, Lansing & Northern at Howell the other day was accompanied by a big dog, and after the train had moved out a passenger walked back to the stove and asked of three or four young men sitting around there:

"Can any of you talk to a deaf and dumb person by signs?"

"I can, though I'm out of practice," replied one.

"Very well. I wish you'd go and ask that woman over there if she expects friends to meet her in Detroit."

The young man walked up to her, tapped her on the shoulder to attract attention, and began a series of gyrations, with his fingers which attracted the eyes of every passenger in the car. The woman's eyes opened and her jaw fell with astonishment, but after a minute or two she colored up as red as a beet and called out:

"Yes, I've got my dog under the seat, and if you mean that you'll tell the conductor on me I mean that I'll hire some one to pitch you into a snow drift if I have to mortgage my farm!"

### Fiction.

Said Fogg to Mrs. Smith, "I am very sorry to mention it, but I know that you do not approve of such conduct on the part of your son Charles." "Mercy! Mr. Fogg, what is it he has been doing?" "Oh, nothing so very bad, ma'am, only novel-reading on Sunday." "Why, Charley!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Perhaps you would like to see what I have been reading," said Charley, handing his book to his mother. "Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Smith, "I knew he wouldn't. Charley has been reading the Bible, Mr. Fogg," she added in a triumphant tone. "And wasn't that novel reading for him?" retorted the wretched man.

Three commercial travelers, two in the grocery, and one in the drug line, from Winnipeg were caught in a blizzard while driving across a prairie, and could not escape from it. They put up for a day and a night in a friendly hay-stack, and consumed all their samples, including the drugs.

## SIFTED SIFTINGS.

DISAPPOINTING A TRAMP.

Mrs. Boss, an Austin female philanthropist, loves to play Lady Boun[tiful] with as little expense as possible.

A tramp having applied for a temporary loan, with the air of a queen dropped an entire nickel into the stretched palm.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Yes, you can have it all, my poor man."

"Thank you, ma'm," replied the tramp, and reaching down into his pocket he brought out a nickel of his own, and handing it to Mrs. Boss, he said: "Here, ma'm, you have another nickel. Next time a tramp comes along, give him both of them to mitigate his disappointment."

ROUGH ON DALLAS.

Reverend Murphy Wilson, an Austin divine, recently had occasion to visit Dallas, the Chicago of the Southwest. On arriving at Dallas, Rev. Wilson asked the first gentleman he met, who happened to be an alderman, if he knew where Bishop Garrett lived.

"Never heard of such a man. He don't keep a saloon, does he?"

"O, no; but can you tell me where the Episcopal Church is?"

"Don't know nothing about Church. There was a man by that name here last fall, but he ran off with another man's wife. I know less about Church than I do about the first fellow you mentioned, and I never heard of him before, but I can show you where the boss variety show in this State is located, if that's the kind of place you are looking for," responded the alderman.

FAMILY TIES.

Christian Bonn and Peter Bonn, who run a small candy store on Austin Avenue, had a row not long since, which resulted in the former making affidavit against the latter using insulting and abusive language. When the trial came off, it was proven that Christian had called Peter a lobsided mule.

"What excuse," asked the Recorder, "have you for calling Peter a mule?"

"I have a right to do so on account of family ties," responded Peter, calmly, "because he is my half brother. We have the same common father.

AN INCIPIENT JESSE JAMES.

"Mama," said little Johnny, "do you know what I want for my next birthday present?"

"No, my son, what is it?"

"I want you to die so that I can get a new mama."

"Why, Johnny, I thought you loved me."

"So I do, mama, but you like Fido, and you won't let me tie a tin kettle to his tail. Now, if I had a new mama, perhaps she would hate dogs, and then she would let me amuse myself playing with poor Fido. I want to put him in the cistern to see how long he can swim."—*Texas Siftings.*

### Lady Mandeville's Twins.

Lady Mandeville, as every one knows (writes a New York correspondent) was the beautiful Miss Yznaga, who created a sensation in London and other foreign cities as the famous American beauty. She has two beautiful twin girls, who are as much alike as Girofle and Girofla, and have to wear different colored ribbons that they may be distinguished apart. On one occasion, the Queen, desiring to see Lord Mandeville's twins, arranged that they should be brought to Windsor Castle. The children were told to be very respectful, to bow low and kiss the Queen's hand, and were thought to be proficient in their lesson. But the little lasses were not awed by the presence of royalty—what 4-year-old is?—and as they were presented one rushed to the Queen, put her arms around her neck and gave her a hearty hug and a kiss. The story goes that the other child stood beside Queen Victoria, and, pulling at her dress, said: "Say, Queen, won't you give me a bun?" Victoria was delighted, and enjoyed the scene much more than did those who had spent their time in training the little minxes.

### A Justice Who [illegible] now.

Miss Isherwood who was assaulted and robbed recently in the railroad tunnel in New York, identified the robber in the police court. The following rather amusing colloquy took place between the young lady and the Justice:

"You carried your pocketbook in your hand?" asked Justice Duffy.

"Yes, sir," replied the complainant, "and I only released it when thrown down by this man and forced to do so."

"I wish to say right here," said the Justice, "that ladies offer inducements to thieves by carrying their purses so openly. They ought to put them in their inside pockets."

"Ladies don't have inside pockets," said Miss Isherwood in a surprised tone.

"Oh, don't they? I didn't know," said the Justice, who is a bachelor.

### A Picture to the Life.

Take a young man, a tall young man, with a small hat, a long face, a lengthy neck, a short body, a pair of long and slim legs, with arms to match, and both arms and legs largest at the extremities, put him in a Seymour coat, encase his legs in eelskin pantaloons, with sufficient bow in the legs to give passing glimpses between them of the mashed and astonished world that lies ahead of him as he walks; cram his flat feet into pointed shoes; tie an eye-glass to his lapel; give him a delicate mustache and cane to play with—and if there be a grander sight under the canopy of heaven, we haven't time to think it up. Perhaps a monkey with a tin tail comes nearest to the phenomenon.

A $10,000 phonograph, the finest one ever made, was lost on the wrecked Cimbria.

A Michigan sewing machine agent has committed suicide. This solves the problem as to what is to become of the agents when every family is possessed of a machine. Is it the beginning of the end?

Tom: "What have you been doing with yourself? I haven't seen you for months." Dick: "Study, my dear fellow—study." Tom: "Study?" Dick: "Legal study—I am trying to pass a mother-in-law."

Sedalia, Mo., has a billiard saloon for ladies only, and the proprietor already thinks of taking out the tables and allowing the fair creatures to play right on the floor, where a good deal of carrooming is done now.

Standing before a clergyman who was about to marry him, a rustic was asked: "Wilt thou have this woman," etc. The man stared in surprise and replied: "Ay, surely! Whoy, I kummed a purpus!"

"No, I can't stay," replied a gentleman who was invited to stay all night at the house of a friend; "before morning my wife would be out with a lantern, like Diogenes, hunting for an honest man."

Dr. CLARK JOHNSONS
Inndian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the best remedy known to man. Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia. Agents Wanted.

Labratory 77 West 3d street, New York City, Druggists sell it

New Lexington, O., April 10, 1880.—Dr. Clark Johnson,—Your justly celebrated Indian Blood Syrup has given me great relief for nervousness and sleeplessness. I would not be without it.
S. C. TUSS.


### A Warning.

"No," said old Mrs. Fussandfeathers, "no, he is not a gentleman, I'm sure of it." "And why not?" somebody asked. "Why," continued the old lady, "because he was helped a second time to soup! I wouldn't have believed it if I had not seen it with my own eyes. So there!" What a warning to the greedy.—*Hotel Maine.*

In his life of Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Abbott says that the earliest school days of the great preacher were not such as to forecast a brilliant future. "For," continues Dr. Abbott, "he was deficient in memory, painfully sensitive, very diffident, and embarrassed by a thick, indistinct utterance, resulting partly from bashfulness and partly from throat troubles."

Speaking of oatmeal and such things, a cotemporary remarks that "all are nutritious, but demand sugar to make them palatable," but there are not a few persons who find these foods most palatable when sprinkled with a little salt instead of sugar. This is what De Beringen would call "a fact in philosophy."

The Knoxville (Tenn.) *Chronicle* proposes "to help make the pistol a disgrace to the man who carries it."


*If it were possible* to get the testimony of the multitude who have used HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA for debility, languor, lassitude, and that general feeling of stupidity, weariness and exhaustion which every one feels during this season, we should be able to present to our readers such an overwhelming mass of commendatory messages, that the few who have not tried it would do so at once. It is a positive fact, and has been so effectually demonstrated that no one today denies it, that Hood's Sarsaparilla contains more real medicinal value than any article before the people.

*What a Man Did with Kidney Complaint*

DRACUT, MASS.
MESSRS C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass:

Dear Sirs—I have suffered from kidney complaint and biliousness for fifteen years. Have tried everything and never got any good. Last January, before I commenced taking HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, everything I ate bloated me all up, pain in my chest and arms, headache and dizzy. I could not get up without feeling weary and all fagged out. Many mornings I was obliged to lie down on the lounge. To do any work seemed almost impossible. Have taken two bottles. The backache, dizziness, pain in my chest and arms, and that feeling of intense weariness are all gone. I can eat anything and it does not press me at all. Feel just like work; in fact, like a new man. Can heartily recommend HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, and hope all who desire to know anything about it will come to me and ask what I think of it. Very truly yours,
JONATHAN J. COBURN.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Works through the blood, *regulating, toning* and *invigorating* all the functions of the body. Sold by druggists. Price $1, or six for $5. C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

KIDNEY-WORT
HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.
Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.
Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
KIDNEY-WORT

I have prescribed Kidney-Wort with very great success in a score or more obstinate cases of Kidney and Liver Troubles, also for female weaknesses.—Philip C. Ballou, M. D., Monkton, Vt.

"My wife has been much benefitted from the use of Kidney-Wort. She had kidney and other complaints," writes Rev A. B. Coleman Fayetteville, Tenn.

KIDNEY-WORT
IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
—LIVER—
It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.
Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.
In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
KIDNEY-WORT

"I am a living advocate of the virtues of Kidney-Wort. I suffered untold agony from liver disorder. It cured me."—Jno. D. Nevins, Springfield, Ohio

KIDNEY-WORT
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.
No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.
PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.
If you have either of these troubles
PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell
Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
KIDNEY-WORT

"Constipation, in all its forms, yields to Kidney-Wort. In female diseases it is very successful."—Dr. Philip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt., Apr. 20, 82.

KIDNEY-WORT
THE GREAT CURE
FOR
—R-H-E-U-M-A-T-I-S-M—
As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington Vt
Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
KIDNEY-WORT

"I could find no remedy for my kidney complaint and rheumatism," writes Mr. A. B. Burr, of Temple's Mill, Florida, "until I was cured by Kidney-Wort." Exposure, incident to lumbering, caused Mr. Burr's disorders


## Sheriff's Sale.

Charles Miller et. al vs. Frances E. Miller et. al } Court Common Pleas of Coshocton Co. O.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF SALE issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Coshocton county, Ohio, in the above action and to me directed, I will offer for sale at public vendue, at the South door of the Court House, in the town of Coshocton, Ohio, on

Saturday, the 21st day of April, 1883

at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the following described lands and tenements: Being that part of the 2d quarter of the 4th township and sixth range, United States Military and, which lies within the following boundaries, to-wit: Bounded on the north by lands of one James Davis, and the lands last above described, on the east by lands of the said James Davis and the Muskingum river, on the south east and south by the lands of Thomas Wolfe, and on the west by the line of the townships of Franklin and Virginia, in said county, and containing [illegible] hundred acres, more or less.

Appraised at $18,769 50

And which, for the purposes of this sale, is sub divided into three tracts, as follows:

1st tract. Beginning at a stone in Virginia and Franklin township line, at the south west corner of tract of land known as the Newcomb farm and running thence N. 89 degrees E 51.5 chains to a stake, thence S. 19 degrees E. 19.5 chains to center of Ohio Canal, thence south-westerly along center of said Ohio canal 20.60 chains, thence N. 77 1-4 degrees W. 8 1 chains to a stake, thence N. 89 degrees W. 53.50 chains to a stake on said Virginia and Franklin township line, thence along said township line N. 1¼ degrees E. 20.72 chains to place of beginning, containing 105.71 acres more or less, excepting therefrom about two acres in the south west corner of said tract.

Appraised at $8,287 00

2d tract. Beginning at a point in center of Ohio canal, at the north east corner of said first tract above described, and running thence S. 69 degrees E. 20.54 chains to a stake, thence S. 67 degrees E. 21.90 chains to a stake on west bank of Muskingum river, thence along said west bank of said river S. 71 degrees W. 8.5 chains, thence S. 11.3 degrees W. 7.80 chains to a stake, thence N. 67¼ degrees W. 07.57 chains to center of Ohio Canal, thence northerly along center of said canal to place of beginning, containing 68.55 acres, more or less.

Appraised at $5,141 25

3d tract. Beginning at a point in center of Ohio Canal at the south-west corner of the second tract herein before described, and running thence S. 67 degrees E. 67.57 chains to a stake on west bank of Muskingum river, thence along west bank of said river [illegible] degrees W. [illegible] chains to a stake, thence S. 11 degrees W. 3.10 chains, thence S. 65 degrees W. 3.81 chains to a stake, thence N. 66 degrees W. 65.75 chains to center of Ohio Canal, thence along center of Ohio Canal to place of beginning, containing 68.55 acres more or less.

Appraised at $5,141 25

Terms of sale: One-third in hand, one-third in one year, one-third in two years from the day of sale, with interest, the deferred payments to be secured by mortgage upon the premises sold.

m 624 [illegible] MILLER, Sheriff


I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.
Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, [illegible]

FARM FOR SALE.

One hundred and fifty three acres of land in Bethlehem Township, on the main road from Coshocton to Warsaw, known as the HOLLY farm, four miles from Coshocton and five miles from Warsaw. Large orchard of excellent fruit, large two story frame house, built in 1880, good outbuildings. Eighty acres bottom land, fifty of which are in grass, balance upland, running water in every field, 20 acres good timber. One and one-half miles from the Prairie Chapel church, and one quarter mile from school.

For prices and terms, call on or address,
J. A. RANDLES,
Jan20 3m. Roscoe, Ohio

PENSIONS for Soldiers on any disease wound or injury. Fees, $10. Bounty, Back Pay, Discharges for Deserters, etc., procured. 24 years experience. Address C. M. SITES & CO., 601 F St., Washington, D. C.

LOOK
To Your Comfort AND Patronize
GEO. T. KAGLE,

BOOT & SHOE MAKER,
PRICE HOUSE BLOCK,
COSHOCTON, OHIO

Manufactures from the best Stock made at lower prices than any other house in the county.

Rubber Boots Half-Soled with Rubber.

J. M. COMPTON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Office: East side Public Square, in Equity Building.

JOHN D. NICHOLAS. E. W. JAMES.
NICHOLAS & JAMES,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Will promptly attend to suits in Law, Collections and all Law Business entrusted to their care.
Office: On Third St., Opposite Public [illegible]

R. E. FINLEY. F. A. WEN[illegible]T
FINLEY & WENNETT,
DENTISTS.
Coshocton, O.—OFFICE: Corner Main & Fifth Streets, near Depot. All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention. Dec.15'79

E. J. STICKLE SAM H. NICHOLAS
STICKLE & NICHOLAS,
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OFFICE in City Hall Building,
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HOWARD W. LUCCOCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Main Street, over Lee's Drug Store.

J. C. POMERENE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Office: North public square, Chestnut street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.

E. T. SPANGLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Office: North of public square, Chestnut Street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.


NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

### Fashionable Women Thieves.

A prominent manager of one of the greatest dry-goods stores in Brooklyn, in conversation with a writer for the *Eagle* about the subjects of thefts in stores, said:

"It is an amazing, but nevertheless an established fact, that nine-tenths of the things stolen are taken by women who are not professional thieves. Why, the revelations that could be made in regard to this matter are so startling that they would hardly be credited without actual observation. So common has the presence of what is called 'kleptomania' become that the largest and wealthiest dry-goods houses we have are compelled to adopt a definite line of policy in the treatment of accused persons. When a woman of respectable standing is detected she is taken to the office and examined; the proceeds of her thefts are taken from her, and she is required to sign a confession that she has stolen such and such articles, that she is liable to prosecution, and that she expects to be prosecuted if she ever enters the store again. In the possession of our own establishment are several hundred of these documents. A disclosure of their contents would carry consternation into some of our most fashionable social circles, and people would stand aghast by the disclosure of the names that are upon the roll of guilt."

"Are these fashionable shoplifters never prosecuted?"

"Rarely, if ever. It does not pay to prosecute them. It would create a scandal, carry ruin into the families of those accused and prejudice the interests of the house. The system of compelling a confession almost invariably prevents the woman from ever stealing again. It is a matter of policy to follow the course I have indicated. Do I think there is really such a thing as kleptomania? Beyond a doubt there is. I will give you a clear illustration of it: A woman, well known in society, the wife of a conspicuous citizen, came into our store not long ago. No suspicion has ever been entertained regarding her, but by the mere chance a floor walker discovered that she had acted strangely and the attention of the detective employed by us was called to her queer conduct. He kept an eye upon her until she had gone to a dozen different counters, stolen articles and concealed them. Just as she was passing out of the store door the detective said: 'Madam, they wish to see you in the office.' She immediately became very much agitated. It seemed as if she was paralyzed with fear. When she reached the office a member of the firm said: 'Madam, you have articles upon your person which were stolen from this store. You have been seen at the act. You must show us what you have taken and give it up.' She made no attempt at concealment or denial, but she was pale with fright and overcome with shame and mortification. She searched her pockets and took out what she had abstracted from the different departments. She had three dozen pairs of kid gloves, several pairs of hose, a large quantity of ribbons, some fancy jewelry, and some tooth-brushes. The wretched woman, in a paroxysm of grief, fell upon her knees, and in agonized tones implored mercy, naming her husband, a prominent citizen, and pleading that exposure meant the ruin of herself and the lasting disgrace of her family. She said that she had plenty of money, was willing to pay for the articles, and also to pay out any sum that might be named to compromise the matter. This woman signed an admission of her guilt, and a stipulation never to enter the store again. To-day she occupies a conspicuous position in Brooklyn society, lives in splendid style on a fashionable thoroughfare, and none of her friends - not even her husband - knows of the occurrence which I have described. So it is in most of these cases. The women don't mean to steal. They generally are well brought up, surrounded by home influences, and have abundant resources at their command. They are suddenly seized with an irresistible desire to steal, and they give way to it. That is why I think kleptomania is a disease."

### Know Him by the H's.

Mr. F. S. Chanfrau is credited with the following anecdote, told in a New Orleans paper: "Once," said Mr. Chanfrau, "when traveling in the South, I noticed in our car a tall, stout gentleman in a big coat. He was alone. His manner was so gentle and unassuming that I was both charmed and amazed to learn it was Thackeray. We'd a prompter in our company, Jack Huntley — poor old Jack! - who was an Englishman. When he found out it was Thackeray he shuffled up the aisle until he stood just behind the novelist, who was smoking. Huntley took off his hat and gazed with a world of pride down upon the quiet face, and then, with that charming English pronunciation, blustered out: 'Mr. Thackeray, yer honor, Hi am an Henglishman.' When the man began to speak Thackeray had half turned his face, but not his gaze, upward toward Huntley, but at the sound of the familiar Cockney voice, the note of manly respect and reverence in that 'Yer honor, Hi am an Henglishman,' his whole face was illuminated. He grasped Huntley's hand, and there he sat and chatted with our rough old prompter for over a half an hour. It was a very gracious act.

### An Idol Smashed.

A series of revival meetings was in progress, and the subject on one evening was the book of Ruth. Among the congregation was a brother whom the sisters delighted to hear. His language way always flowery - grandly eloquent. Waiting for his chance, he at length arose and said: "Brethren and sisters, the subject this evening is the book of Ruth. And do you know that I never turn to the book of Ruth without a thought coming to my mind that there it lies, like a beautiful jewel, between the ermine of the Judges and the purple of the Kings." Such an exquisite thought did not fail to have its effect upon his admiring hearers. Later in the evening an elderly clergyman came in, and after listening to the remarks for some time, arose and said: "My friends, whenever I turn to the book of Ruth, I am always reminded of that beautiful quotation from Taylor, that it lies, like a lovely jewel, between the ermine of the Judges and the purple of the Kings." And he sat down, blissfully unaware of the idol he had smashed. —*Newburyport (Mass.) Herald.*

"By the way, Jewell, I want your resignation," said President Grant to Postmaster General Jewell at the close of an official conference. "Do you mean that, Mr. President?" said the somewhat astonished P. M. G. "I do," was the laconic response of the "Great Silent Man," as he blew a cloud of smoke heavenward. "All right," replied Mr. Jewell, and in less than half an hour his resignation was in the hands of the President. This is the history as related to the writer by Mr. Jewell himself.—*Baltimore American.*

**West Virginia contains 52,000 persons over 10 years of age who cannot read.**

### Should Consumptives go to Florida?

It is not necessary to cite authorities to show that the prime need of a consumptive is that he shall be a great deal out-of-doors, that he shall breathe pure air, that he shall exercise, that his entire physical organization shall be invigorated. Is the climate of Florida fitted to do this? I answer, No! The climate is simply and delightfully soothing. Being so - being moist and relaxing it will cause tuberculous deposits to disintegrate rapidly. Expectoration will be increased, and there will be no rally of the system to oppose this new call upon the strength. Instead of exercising freely and expanding his lungs as he should, the consumptive invalid will sit listlessly on the piazzas of the hotels, awaiting his fate. Hundreds are seen, wherever you go, so doing. Seldom do you see one attempting to exercise, and, if one is seen, he is moving in that sluggish and apathetic manner so characteristic of every one living there.

It is unfortunate that, of the thousands of consumptives who go to Florida, we can get no reliable statistics of the result. The people of Florida, the owners of the soil, the railroad and steamboat owners and agents, the hotel-keepers, the physicians residing there, are all so much interested personally in the prosperity of the State, which, since the close of the war, has been opened up like a newly-discovered country, that it is well-nigh impossible for them to give unprejudiced statements concerning the healthfulness of the State, its adaptation to the cure of disease, or any other subject, which even remotely touches their personal interest. A prism is placed before your eyes, and you are caused to see everything covered with the colors of the rainbow.

However, I snatched one fragment from the page of fact. During the last six months of 1881 there were thirteen deaths in Jacksonville (population 8,000) from consumption, these deaths being of residents only, and excluding all non-residents or visiting invalids. This is a mortality of 1.62 per 1,000, being a greater mortality than occurred in Cincinnati during the same time, which was 1:24 in a population of 250,000, or 1:51 per 1,000. These figures do not establish the rate of mortality, from this disease, in the city of Jacksonville, for in so small a place a series extending over a number of years would be necessary. But, when facts are so difficult to find, we must content ourselves even with a straw. It is much more satisfactory to thus have an indication from a populous center, than the rate from sparsely populated country districts, which it is well known, are comparatively immune everywhere. It may be stated, in this connection, that natives of Florida taken with consumption frequently seek other places and climates as a means of cure. *Dr. George E. Walton, in Popular Science Monthly.*

### The Texas Scorpion.

The scorpion, or stinging lizard, as the insect is familiarly called, lives in Southern climes, where he can be found in a boot, for instance, immediately after the man has put his foot in it. He, the scorp, is only one and a half inches long, and half his length is composed of a six-jointed tail, in the end of which there is a sting, with which he makes himself talked about. After he has driven that sting a few hundred yards into a victim, it is surprising how much that man has to say about scorpions in general, and that scorpion in particular, and how fluently he says it. It is hard to believe the effort is impromptu, but it is.

You might hold a dozen post mortem examinations on as many scorpions, and never suspect that the insect is a *pedipalpous pulmonary arachnidan* of the genus *scorpio*. To satisfy yourself on that point, you must examine the scorpion in Webster's illustrated unabridged, where it is also stated that the sting of the scorpion is painful. To become persuaded of this latter fact, however, you need only to examine the live specimen that is not in the dictionary. The harsh language Webster uses when he calls the insect a *pedipalpous pulmonary arachnidan* suggests that possibly Webster is trying to get even with the whole species for the act of a single specimen.

The Texas scorpion does not seem to have any steady occupation, but spends most of his time loafing about old ruins waiting for somebody to tread on the tail of his coat. He is unsociable, for, like the house fly, he will climb right into bed with a perfect stranger. On the slightest provocation, he will curl his tail over his back like a hench-legged flee. He is very easy on the trigger. One joint of a scorpion's tail has as much lifting power in it as a seven horse power engine. It has been known to raise a two hundred pound man right up off the ground at one effort and a picnic.

It has never been ascertained precisely what the scorpion lives on. Perhaps he is sustained by the consciousness of knowing that he is a *pedipalpous pulmonary arachnidan*. We have known some people with high-sounding titles whose mode of making both ends meet was a profound mystery to the general public. Nobody ever has been known to die from the rebuke of a scorpion, but that they cause a species of madness will not be denied by anybody who has listened to the language of a man who has been stung. If the sufferer is not mad for a time, he talks as if he was. —*Texas Siftings.*

### The Elements of Gentility.

A man may be a gentleman in appearance, in manner or in feeling, or in all three. If he fulfills either condition he has a title to the name. If he fulfill all of them he will be so fine a creature that the name can do him no good, and if his right to it is questioned it will not disturb him.

Appearance is largely a matter of attire, which is to be bought for money; but it depends, too, upon the taste, which is much more difficult to purchase, and upon natural gifts, which cannot be bought.

Good manners are either a disguise or they are the outward evidence of a good disposition. They may be acquired, but it is not easy to buy them, though their absence is readily pardoned in persons who are very rich, very good, intelligent or eminently powerful from any cause.

A man who has the feelings of a gentleman is usually born with them. To him they are instincts by which he will regulate his behavior in circumstances where neither his experience nor his reason can guide him. But they may be acquired most readily by associating with persons who already possess them, and they are fostered by decent living.

A gentleman will have, first of all, self-respect. He will fear self-condemnation more than anything else, except, perhaps, for a different reason—self-praise.

And, as he respects himself as a man and exacts decent treatment of himself, so will he also respect other men as men, and use them accordingly.

By the will of a Boston lady, lately deceased, Miss Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Lucy Stone Black will receive $20,000 each as the representative women suffragists, and it is said they will use the money in advancing the cause.

### Hokusai.

One hundred and twenty-three years ago—in the year just before the first observed transit of Venus—there was a looking-glass maker in Yedo, who was made happy by the information, "It's a boy." Neighbors and friends rushed in to congratulate Mrs. Middle-island, the happy mother, whose son, North-house (Hokusai) was to become the most famous artist in Japan.

As the boy grew up he was fond of drawing, and always had a pencil or brush-pen in his hand. He made pictures of babies on their mother's backs, of chubby children playing, of the ownerless wolfish dogs and bob-tailed cats of Yedo. Nearly all the Japanese artists before North-house, had painted only lords and ladies of the court, nobles' costumes and gorgeous silk dresses, and gold-lacquered vases and palanquins belonging to the Mikado. Many of their subjects were Chinese, but silken curtains and red temples and pagodas, with abundance of gold clouds in the picture to cover up the plain or common parts, were what one saw on most famous works of art.

But Hokusai was a man of the people. He cared next to nothing about Chinese heroes, or high lords of the court,—except to make fun of them, and so he struck out in a new line. He pictured farmers and mechanics, thatched cottages and shops and markets, pack-horses and street dogs, and everything in humble life. He especially entered into the juvenile world, which is only as high as a yard-stick, and while his brother artists soared into the mountains and clouds Hokusai kept on the ground, with the result that even the babies understood his drawings, and dyers bought his books for their patterns. To study some of the dainty pictures dyed into a *daimio* (Japanese lord) lady's skirt, or to read a Japanese fairy tale on a bride's robe, is often to recognize Hokusai's pictures reproduced in color.

Hokusai opened a studio in Yedo in 1810, and labored steadily with the brush until 1849 about five years before Commodore Perry entered the Bay of Yedo. His chief books of pictures are his *mangua*, or albums of sketches. Occasionally he made journeys, and the fruits of his travel were his "Hundred Views of Fuji-Yama," besides many pictures of natural scenery. His drawings are more simple and less finished than ours, but are much clearer than those of most Japanese draughtsmen, so that, of them all, Hokusai is best understood by foreigners.

Hokusai is dead, but thousands of Japanese still chuckle over his caricatures; and in American metal-work, silverware, wall-paper, silk, embroidery, and a hundred forms of decorative art, the strokes of his pencil are visible, with a character all their own. "*A Japanese Funny Artist," by William Elliot Griffis, in St. Nicholas for March.*

### O, The Pathos of It.

The Chinese brass band played from midnight Tuesday till 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The music was uninterrupted and some of the inhabitants of the neighborhood hastily packed their carpet-bags and moved temporarily away. A young Chinese instrumentalist in a green jacket played the cymbals. They were about twelve feet in circumference, and he leaned to one side as he balanced them over his right shoulder. Anon he held them at arms' length apart and brought them together with the noise of a dynamite explosion; a Celestial with a short pigtail beat the brass drum, which was the size and shape of a beer keg and stood on end. A brass sauce-pan suspended from a mantel-piece was thumped in a lively manner by a nimble Celestial. When the sauce pan, the brass beer-keg and the exaggerated cymbals were clashed together in one harmonious whole, it sounded as though a dozen Czar's palaces had been suddenly fired into space by tons of dynamite.

The Celestials sitting in the room bent forward and listened as intently as if it were an angel chorus. One old man dissolved in tears, took out his handkerchief and said to the reporter in English: "It is pathetic; very pathetic."

### The Original Tramp a New England Institution.

There is good evidence to believe that the original tramp came from the town of New Marlboro. His name was Jake Clark. He was a young man at the time of his exploits, and began to distinguish himself about the year 1830. He was a bachelor, and lived part of the time with his widowed mother. With many things wanting that go to make up a well-constituted man, Jake, nevertheless, had elements of shrewdness that might have made him a great man if he had possessed industry, dignity and self-respect, and had not been a slave to the habit of drinking New England rum, apple-jack and old cider. He planted himself squarely on this ethical platform: It is just as well to tell a lie as to tell the truth, if the lie has the semblance of truth. And he was frequently heard to say that a man was "a blank fool for telling a lie unless it had about it a great degree of apparent truth." Jake wouldn't work. He was constitutionally disposed to be a man of leisure - not elegant, but happy; and his great scheme was to travel from town to town and get his living by his wits.

### An Eccentric New Hampshire Man.

Mr. Thomas Chadwick died in Farmington, N. H. He was a stone-cutter by trade, aged 60. He was a very eccentric man, as his requests will show. During his life he made a coffin of granite and requested he should be buried in it, and that he should be carried through the streets of Farmington with his coffin end up, preceded by the Odd Fellows (of which lodge he was a member) and a brass band. He requested that he should be buried in Great Falls, and that the friends and mourners should after the funeral have a good dinner at a hotel, and that no one should mourn for him. These requests were carried out and about seventy sat down to the dinner.

Shortly before his death his son went up to see him, when the old gentleman accosted him with:

"Well, what are you here for—to see what you will get?"

The boy said: "Well, to tell you the truth, yes."

### Colorado's Reading Clerk.

He has a beautiful voice, as big as a giant's thigh, as smooth as molasses, as sweet as a maiden's kiss and as resonant as a snare drum. Whenever he whispers the people in the next county think it's thundering, and they hustle around for their gum coats and umbrellas. Up at Leadville they use him on holidays instead of cannon and anvils, and fishing parties have better success with him than with giant powder. Let him stand on the bank of a stream and give one of his big double-bass, three-ply, four-story halloes and every mother's son of a fish will come to the top of the water with his windbag burst into smithereens.—*Denver Tribune.*


ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

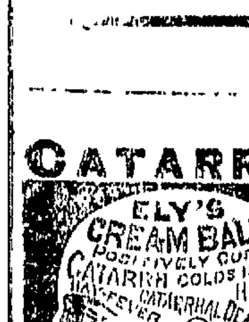
The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

## TRUE Temperance

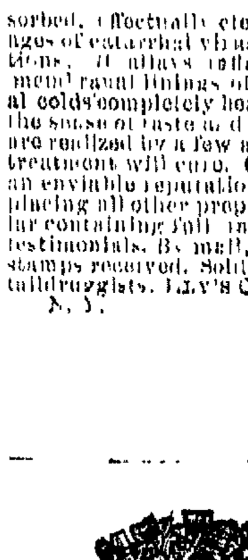
Is not signing a pledge or taking a solemn oath that cannot be kept, because of the non-removal of the cause—liquor. The way to make a man temperate is to kill the desire for those dreadful artificial stimulants that carry so many bright intellects to premature graves, and desolation, strife and unhappiness into so many families.

It is a fact! BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, a true non-alcoholic tonic, made in Baltimore, Md., by the Brown Chemical Company, who are old druggists and in every particular reliable, will, by removing the craving appetite of the drunkard, and by curing the nervousness, weakness, and general ill health resulting from intemperance, do more to promote temperance, in the strictest sense than any other means now known.

It is a well authenticated fact that many medicines, especially 'bitters,' are nothing but cheap whiskey vilely concocted for use in local option countries. Such is not the case with BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It is a medicine, a cure for weakness and decay in the nervous, muscular, and digestive organs of the body, producing good, rich blood, health and strength. Try one bottle. Price $1.00.




A POSITIVE CURE! ELY'S CREAM BALM, FOR CATARRH and Hay Fever. Agreeable to use, unequalled for cold in the head, headache, and deafness, or any kind of mucous membranal irritation, inflamed and rough surfaces. A preparation of undoubted merit. Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Cream Balm has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. Send for circular containing full information and reliable testimonials. By mail, prepaid 50c. a package, stamps received. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists. ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y. nov 25, 1y

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A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU That the Old Favorite WIGWAM And the New Favorite WIDE AWAKE Are the best SMOKING TOBACCOS of the day.

SPENCE BROS. & CO., Cincinnati.


## Notice to Assessors.

The Assessors of the several townships of Coshocton county, are requested to meet at the Auditor's office, in said county, on

Monday, April 9, 1883, at 10 A. M.,

For the purpose of receiving blanks and instructions. J. W. CASSINGHAM, Auditor's Office, March 27, 1883. Co. Auditor.


## E. McDONALD,

Cor. Main and 3d Streets, COSHOCTON, O.

Sole Agent for the CASADAY and OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS, Brown Cultivators, Milburn Farm Wagons, And Dealer in GENERAL HARDWARE, STOVES, &C.

☞ Call and examine Goods and Prices before Buying.

E. McDONALD.


### Administrator's Sale of Real Estate MILL PROPERTY.

In pursuance of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Coshocton county, Ohio, I will offer for sale, at public auction, on Saturday, the 7th day of April, A. D., 1883, at 1 o'clock P. M., upon the premises, the following described real estate, situate in the county of Coshocton and State of Ohio, and township of Linton, to-wit: Being part of the north-east quarter of section ten (10), of township four (4) and range five (5), United States Military land, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in said quarter section from which the north east corner of the brick house (situated on lot number three (3), in the town of East Plainfield), bears north 12 and three-fourths degrees, west 94 links distant, and running thence south 34 degrees, east (through the center of the bridge across Wills Creek), 6 chains and forty links to a stone; thence south 51 degrees, west three chains and eighty-seven links to a stone, from which a gum tree 11 inches in diameter bears north 37 degrees, west twenty-five links; thence north 42 degrees west four chains and twenty-seven links; thence north 40 and one-half degrees, east two chains and ten links to a stone; thence north 12 degrees, west seventy-four links to a stone; thence north 18 and three-fourth degrees, east two chains and fifty-one links to the place of beginning, containing two and three hundredths 2.03 acres, more or less. There being on said premises a Saw Mill, Planer, Flouring Mill, including all fixtures and machinery belonging to each.

Appraised at $6,500.

Terms of Sale—One-third cash on day of sale, one-third in one year and one-third in two years. Deferred payments to bear interest from day of sale, and to be secured by mortgage on premises sold.

BENJAMIN WIGGINS, Administrator of Ezra Parker, deceased. mar3 5t

### Amindistratrix' Sale of Real Estate

In pursuance of an order of the Court of Common Pleas, of Coshocton county, Ohio, I will offer for sale a public auction, on

Saturday, April 21st, A D., 1883,

At one o'clock P. M., at the South door of the Court House, in Coshocton, Ohio, the following described Real Estate, situate in the county of Coshocton, and State of Ohio, and township of Bedford, to-wit:

Being the West half of the north east quarter of section twenty-one (21), of township five (5), and range eight (8), containing eighty acres more or less, subject to the dower estate of Nancy M. Richcreek, widow of David W. Richcreek, deceased, in the south half of said tract.

Appraised, subject to said dower estate, at $1,000.

Also, the east half of the south-east quarter of said section twenty-one (21), of said township five (5), and range eight (8), containing eighty acres, more or less, free of the dower estate of said Nancy M. Richcreek, widow of said David W. Richcreek, deceased.

Appraised, free of said dower estate, at $2,100.

Terms of Sale—One-third cash on day of sale, one-third in one year, and one-third in two years; deferred payments to bear interest from day of sale, and to be secured by mortgage on premises sold.

NANCY M. RICHCREEK, Administratrix, with the will annexed, of David W. Richcreek, deceased. ma 17-5t.


## D. ROSE & SON,

Manufacturers and Dealers in FURNITURE AND GENERAL FURNISHING

UNDERTAKERS!

COFFINS, BURIAL CASES & SHROUDS of all kinds furnished on call, with or without Hearse.

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## REAL ESTATE!

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The Best Grass Lands in the State of Ohio.

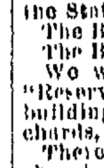
The Best Buildings in the State.

We will sell you a good farm here on the "Reserve," well watered, well timbered, good buildings, good sugar orchard, and fruit orchards, at the low price of $35 to $60 per acre.

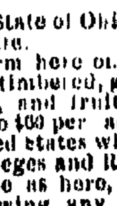
There is no place in the United states where church privileges, school privileges and R. R. accommodations are so complete as here, and we will take pleasure in showing any one wishing to purchase, the many rare bargains on our books, and you can buy of the owners themselves if you wish to.

Address, SWAGER & POST, 3d Door South of P. O., Warren, Ohio. Reference: First National Bank, Warren, Ohio. feb24-3m.

CURE GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES. For old and young, male and female



MAGNETIC MEDICINE, a brain and nerve food. Positively cures Night Losses, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, Nervous Debility, Leucorrhoea, Barrenness; and for all weakness of the Generative Organs in either sex. It is an unfailing and positive cure. Tones up the debilitated system, arrests all involuntary discharges, removes mental gloom and despondency, and restores wonderful power to the weakened organs. ☞ With each order for TWELVE packages, accompanied with five dollars we will send our GUARANTEE or refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the cheapest and BEST medicine in the market. Full particulars in Phamphlet, which we mail free to any address. Sold by all Druggists, one package 50c, Six for $2 50, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO., DETROIT, MICH. ☞ Sold in Coshocton by J. F. Compton, who will issue guarantees.



(Before) (After)

Sept. 30-1-year

FARMS on James River, Va., in a Northern settlement. Illustrated circular free. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Virginia.

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This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair. Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y. 50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

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"Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of *Hiscox & Co.* on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

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5 SPLENDID VARIETIES $1 all labelled, your CHOICE; 12 for $2. 19 for $3. 26 " 4. 35 " 5. 75 " 10. 100 " 13. Strong Pot Plants for immediate bloom, delivered safely by mail post-paid to all points

WE GIVE a Handsome PRESENT of Choice and valuable ROSES free with every order, and are the only concern making a SPECIAL Business of Roses. Over 60 Large Houses for Roses alone. Our New Guide, *a complete Treatise on the Rose, 70pp., elegantly illustrated*, sent FREE

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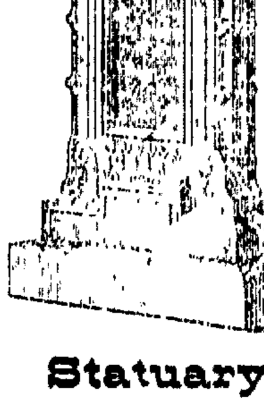
White Bronze Monuments,



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In rear of Central House.

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Horse Feed and Stalls Always Ready

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## PAN-HANDLE ROUTE

(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS RY)

Condensed Time Table of Passenger Trains, Corrected to Jan. 14, 1883.

**GOING EAST.**

| Columbus Time | Fst Ln. | Day Exprs. | Pitt'b Exps | Limited Express |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lv Columbus | pm. *12.30 | am. *12.15 | a. m. *9 30 | am. *12 05 |
| " Newark | 1.25 | 1 25 | 9 50 | 1.10 |
| " Dresdenjun | 2.10 | 2.10 | 10 40 | 1.51 |
| " Coshocton | 2.40 | 2.47 | 11 10 | 2.16 |
| " N. C. Town | 3.10 | 3.20 | 11 48 | 2.44 |
| Arr Dennison | 3.55 | 4.05 | p.m. 12 40 | 3.15 |
| " Bowerstown | 4.15 | ........ | 1 05 | ...... |
| " Scio | 4.28 | ........ | 1 19 | ...... |
| " Cadiz Junct | 4.44 | ........ | 1 45 | ...... |
| " Stbnville | 5.35 | 5.45 | 2 55 | 4 17 |
| Arr Pittsburgh | 7.30 | 7 40 | 5 25 | 6 45 |
| " Harrisburg | am. 4.15 | pm. 4.00 | ...... | pm. 2.30 |
| " Baltimore | 7.45 | 7.30 | ...... | 5 10 |
| " Washington | 9.15 | 8.47 | ...... | 6 47 |
| " Phila | 7.50 | 7.35 | ...... | 5.20 |
| " New York | 11.15 | 10.35 | ...... | 7.25 |
| " Boston | pm. 8.00 | .... | ...... | am 8.20 |

NOTE Accommodation train leaves Columbus daily except Sunday at 4:35 p. m. arrives Newark 6:00 p m; Dresden Jc 7:00 p m; Coshocton 7:20; Newcomerstown 7:57 p. m; Dennison 8:40 p m.

NOTE. Accommodation train leaves Dennison daily, except Sunday, at 5:35 a. m.; arrives at Bowerstown 5.50 a. m., Scio 6:05 a.m. Cadiz Junction 6:24 a. m., Steubenville 7:30 a. m, Pittsburgh 10:00 a. m.

P. W. & K. Division trains leave Steubenville for Wheeling at †6.15 am., †7:25am., †2.25 pm., and †5:50 p m. Returning, leave Wheeling †6.25 a. m., *8:45 am., †1:50 pm., †4:10 pm., and 5 35 pm., arriving at Steubenville 7:35 am, 9:55 am, 3:01 pm, 5.20 pm.

**GOING WEST.**

| | *Fst Ln | Mail Expr* | Limit'd Expr† | E W |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pittsburgh | 11.20pm | 2.10pm | 8.45pm | 8.00am |
| Steubenv'e | 1.00am | 4.08 " | 10.55 " | 10.00 am |
| Cadiz Ju'n | ........ | 5.12 " | ........ | 11 00 am |
| Scio | ........ | 5 31 " | ........ | 11.23 am |
| Bowerst'n | ........ | ........ | ........ | 11.39 am |
| A Dennison | 2 45 " | 6.30pm | 12.20am | 12.05 am |
| Newcoms'n | 3.20 " | 7.16pm | 12.54 " | 12.49 pm |
| Coshocton | 3.47 " | 7.53 " | 1.23 " | 1 10 pm |
| Dresden jun | 4.13 " | 8.26 " | 1.51 " | 1.30 pm |
| Newark | 4.58 " | 9.15 " | 2.40 " | 2.25 pm |
| A Columbus | 5.55 " | 10.30 " | 3.45 " | 3 30 pm |
| L Columbus | 9.55 " | 11.00pm | 3.55 " | 3.50 pm |
| A Dayton | 12.50pm | ........ | 6.35am | 6.25 pm |
| Cincinnati | 2.45 " | 4.00 " | 8.00am | 8 00pm |
| Louisville | ........ | 12.45am | 12 45pm | 1240 pm |
| Urbana | 7.35am | ........ | 7.35am | 5.22 am |
| Piqua | 8.25pm | ........ | 8.25am | 6.14 pm |
| Richmond | 9 50 " | ........ | 9 59am | 7.55pm |
| Indianap's | 12 15 " | ........ | 12 15 m | 10.50pm |
| St. Louis | ........ | ........ | 8.10pm | 7.30pm |
| Logansport | ........ | ........ | 3 20pm | 2.10 am |
| Chicago | ........ | ........ | 6.20pm | 7.30 am |

NOTE. Dennison Express leaves Pittsburgh daily, except Sunday, at 4:02 p. m., arrives at Steubenville 6:15 p. m., Cadiz Junction 7:15 p. m., Scio 7:35 p. m., Bowerston 7:52 p. m., Dennison 8:15 p. m.

NOTE. Accommodation train leaves Dennison daily except Sunday, 5:40; ar. Newcom'tn 6.19; COSHOCTON 6:48; Dresden Jc 7:15; Newark 8:20; Columbus 9:45.

*Daily. †Except Sunday.

Through Chicago Express, with Sleeping Coach, leaves Columbus daily except Sunday at 5.00 p. m., arriving Chicago 7 30 a. m.

Cincinnati Mail leaves Columbus at †11:00 a. m. arrives Cincinnati 4.00 a. m.

CADIZ BRANCH TRAINS—(Except Sun.)

Leave Cadiz Junction 6 35 a. m., 11.05 a. m. 1.50 p. m., 5 15 p. m., and 7 20pm Arrive Cadiz 7.20 a. m, 11.45 a. m., 2 30 p. m., 5 55 p. m. and 8.00 p m

Leave Cadiz 45 a. m., 10 15 a. m, 1.05 p. m., 4.00 p m and 6.30 p.m. Arrive Cadiz Junction 6 25 a. m., 10.55 a. m, 1.40 p. m, 4 40 p. m. and 7.10 p m.

Sleeping Cars East, without change, to Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York; West to Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis, and from Columbus to Chicago.

Baggage checked to all principle points East and West.

JAS. McCREA, Manager. Columbus. E. A. FORD, Gen. Pass. & Tick't Agt Pittsburgh, Pa.


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Cor. Main and Sixth Sts.

D. C. MARTIN, Prop'r.

BEEF, PORK, SAUSAGE and MINCE MEAT.

Free Delivery to any part of the City.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR GOOD STOCK.

D. C. MARTIN, COSHOCTON, OHIO


## NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The Board of School Examiners of Coshocton county, will meet at the

Old Union School House,

COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS., COSHOCTON, OHIO.

Second and fourth Saturdays of March, April, September, October, November, and December, and on the fourth Saturday the remaining months of the year. Examinations will commence promptly at

—NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.—

Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of

—FIFTY CENTS.—

Applicants are also required to furnish a stamped envelope with their address written thereon, on which the result of their examination will be forwarded to them by mail.

JOSIAH HARRIS, Clerk.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

### Commissioners' Meeting.

The Commissioners were in session Tuesday and Wednesday. Besides allowing a mass of miscellaneous bills, the following business was transacted:

Sold rebuilding of east abutment of Crooked Run bridge in Jackson township to J. F. Mayer, for $3 65 per perch. Sold fill to above bridge to A. G. Wolfe for $17.

Sold the rebuilding of road between Crooked Run bridge and residence of Wm. Valentine, in Bethlehem township section 1—235 feet, to Philip Sheets for $139; section 2—315 feet, to same for $100; section 3, balance of road, to G. A. Wolfe far $795.

Sold construction of Hershman embankment, in Bethlehem township, to W. G. Moffit and Frank Miller for 13 1/4 cents per cubic yard. Supposed to be from 5,000 to 10,000 yards in contract.

Sold fill on Mowrey road near Kidbuck Iron bridge, to John Waring at 13 1/4 cents per yard.

A petition was presented asking for the building of a bridge across the walhonding at Perry Darling's ford. No action was taken.

Contracted with Michael Lapp to arch bridge cross Wills Creek at Frew's Mills for $180, of which sum the contractor who originally constructed the bridge contributes $200.

Sold construction of approaches to Stewart bridge in Jackson township to Henry Clark for $40.

Bids were received for the janitorship of the Court House as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| John Sherrard Sr. | $45 00 |
| Isaac Vance | 43 00 |
| Morgan Felver | 45 00 |
| Clarence Thomas | 40 00 |
| John Felton | 40 00 |
| Joseph Flynn | 43 00 |
| Samuel Elliott | 45 00 |
| Luther McCann | 40 00 |
| George Clark | 50 00 |
| Samuel Shrigley | 50 00 |
| Perry Pigman | 45 00 |
| T. H. Burrell | 15 00 |
| James W. Clark | 45 00 |
| Thomas Adams | 50 00 |
| Philip Guinther | 65 00 |

The contract was awarded to Clarence Thomas.

### Linton Mills.

The health of the community is generally good. One of John Stone's children died last night, and will be buried to-morrow at Plainfield.

The bridge here is now crossable for teams, but the fills are not quite completed yet.

There is likely to be quite a litigation over the estate of John Sharock, deceased, between the widow, who belongs to the Cayman family, and the Sharock's, the deceased's relatives.

Some of the young bloods of this place decided to have a concert Sabbath night, and kept up a good deal of music till a late hour of the night. I think they must have got the coon in a hole, as the next morning the boys looked as if they had been digging in very soft ground, and wanted ice water to drink.

Mr. Frank Stone has sold his property here to a Mr. McNeely, formerly of Coshocton. He moved here yesterday, and the boys that met him left about four o'clock in the evening feeling satisfied that Linton was one of the largest towns of its size in Ohio. Mr. McNeely seems to be very much a gentleman, is a shoemaker by trade, has located a good location, has bought a cheap property and a good one. I wish him much success, as a shoemaker was much needed here.

By the way, this puts me in mind of a doctor. A doctor is badly needed in this place. There is not a better opening in the country for a doctor than Linton Mills. Send us a doctor.

The Monroe House, kept by J. V. Hilliap and his estimable lady is doing a prosperous business. They not only try, but make their guests comfortable and happy. Alex. Cloop, Jr. (here), of Franklin township, George Miller and William McCartney, formerly of Green Bay, Wisconsin, seem to be permanent fixtures; and no wonder, for it seems that when other parties visit there for awhile they don't want to go out in the cold any more.

Mr. Eli Miskimen, the miller here, continues to enlarge improvement to his mill this spring. He intends to make it superior to any custom mill in the county. He has employed a good miller, formerly of Wheeling, W. Va.

There are, I am informed, three or four weddings to come off in our neighborhood, and from what observation I have made, I think they will come off very soon if the boys don't go back on the girls, for they seem to be very anxious. I don't know whether this is leap year or not, but the girls, or a portion of them at least, conduct themselves as though it was leap year. Oh, girls, don't! Do stand a little on your dignity. BRUCE DAILY.

## PROPOSED AMENDMENT

TO THE

## CONSTITUTION OF OHIO.

### Section Eighteen of Schedule

### SENATE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 50.

JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing Amendments to the Constitution

Be it Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That, at the general election to be held on the second Tuesday of October, 1883, there shall be submitted to the electors for their approval or rejection two propositions to amend the constitution of the State, as follows:

FIRST PROPOSITION.

"The additional section" in and with section eighteen of the schedule shall be repealed, and there shall be substituted for it the following:

"The general assembly shall regulate the traffic in intoxicating liquors so as to provide against evils resulting therefrom; and its power to levy taxes or assessments the exercise of which is not limited by any provision of this constitution."

SECOND PROPOSITION.

"The additional section" in and with section eighteen of the schedule shall be repealed, and there shall be substituted for it the following:

"The manufacture of and the traffic in intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage are forever prohibited; and the general assembly shall provide by law for the enforcement of this provision."

The electors voting in favor of the said first proposition shall have on their ballots the words, "Regulation and taxation of the liquor traffic—Yes;" and those voting in favor of the said second proposition shall have on their ballots the words, "Prohibition of intoxicating liquors—Yes."

If either of the said two propositions be thus approved by a majority of the electors voting at the said election, then the amendment therein proposed shall constitute a separate section of article fifteen of the constitution.

D. J. RODGE,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
R. G. RICHARDS,
President of the Senate.

Adopted April 4, 1883.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OHIO,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, JAMES W. NEWMAN, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true copy of a Joint Resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, on the 4th day of April, A. D., 1883, as taken from the original rolls filed in this office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the great seal of the State of Ohio, at Columbus, the 4th day of April, A. D., 1883.

JAMES W. NEWMAN,
[SEAL.] Secretary of State.
April 7-6m.


### A SURE CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES.

By DR. FRAZIER'S MAGIC OINTMENT. Cures it by magic: Pimples, Black Heads or Worms, Blotches, and Eruptions on the Face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures Itch, Salt Rheum, Sore Nipples, Sore Lips, Old, Obstinate Ulcers and Sores etc.

Sold by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb3-1y.



### Remember This.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health and comfort.

In short they cure all Diseases of the stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's disease. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?—No


## PROPOSED AMENDMENT

TO THE

## CONSTITUTION OF OHIO.

### JUDICIAL.

### HOUSE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 73.

JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to article four of the constitution of the State.

SECTION 1. *Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio*, (three-fifths of the members elected to each house agreeing thereto), That a proposition to amend the constitution of the State of Ohio be, and the same is hereby submitted to the electors of the State at the election to be held on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1883, as follows:

That sections one, two and six of article four, entitled "Judicial" be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 1. The judicial power of the State is vested in a supreme court, circuit courts, courts of common pleas, courts of probate, justices of the peace, and such other courts inferior to the supreme court, as the general assembly may from time to time establish.

Section 2. The supreme court shall, until otherwise provided by law, consist of five judges, a majority of whom competent to sit shall be necessary to form a quorum or to pronounce a decision, except as hereinafter provided. It shall have original jurisdiction in *quo warranto, mandamus, habeas corpus* and *procedendo*, and such appellate jurisdiction as may be provided by law. It shall hold at least one term in each year at the seat of government, and such other terms, there or elsewhere, as may be provided by law. The judges of the supreme court shall be elected by the electors of the State at large, for such term, not less than five years, as the general assembly may prescribe, and they shall be elected and their official term shall begin at such time as may be fixed by law. In case the general assembly shall increase the number of such judges, the first term of each of such additional judges shall be such, that in each year after their first election, an equal number of judges of the supreme court shall be elected, except in elections to fill vacancies; and whenever the number of such judges shall be increased, the general assembly may authorize such court to organize divisions thereof, not exceeding three, each division to consist of an equal number of judges; for the adjudication of cases, a majority of each division shall constitute a quorum, and such an assignment of the cases to each division may be made as such court may deem expedient, but whenever all the judges of either division hearing a case shall not concur as to the judgment to be rendered therein, or whenever a case shall involve the constitutionality of an act of the general assembly or of an act of congress, it shall be reserved to the whole court for adjudication. The judges of the supreme court in office, when this amendment takes effect, shall continue to hold their offices until their successors are elected and qualified.

SECTION 6. The circuit courts shall have like original jurisdiction with the supreme court, and such appellate jurisdiction as may be provided by law. Such courts shall be composed of such number of judges as may be provided by law, and shall be held in each county, at least once in each year. The number of circuits, and the boundaries thereof, shall be prescribed by law. Such judges shall be elected in each circuit by the electors thereof, and at such time and for such term as may be prescribed by law, and the same number shall be elected in each circuit. Each judge shall be competent to exercise his judicial powers in any circuit. The general assembly may change, from time to time, the number or boundaries of the circuits. The circuit courts shall be the successors of the district courts, and all cases, judgments, records, and proceedings pending in said district courts, in the several counties of any district, shall be transferred to the circuit courts in the several counties, and be proceeded in as though said district courts had not been abolished, and the district courts shall continue in existence until the election and qualification of the judges of the circuit courts.

And be it further resolved, that at said election, the voters desiring to vote in favor of said amendment, shall have placed upon their ballots, the words, "Judicial constitutional amendment, yes," and the voters who do not favor the adoption of said amendment, may place on their ballots the words, "Judicial constitutional amendment, no;" and if a majority of all the votes passed [cast] at said election shall be in favor of said amendment, then said sections one, two and six herein set forth, shall be and constitute the sections so amended in said judicial article (four) of the constitution of the State of Ohio, and said original sections one, two and six, and also sections five and eleven of said article, shall be repealed and annulled. I. N. HATHAWAY,
*Speaker pro tem. of the House of Representatives.*
R. G. RICHARDS,
*President of the Senate.*

Adopted March 29, 1883.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OHIO,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE

I, JAMES W. NEWMAN, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true copy of a Joint Resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, on the 30th day of March, A. D., 1883, as taken from the original rolls filed in this office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the great seal of the State of Ohio, at Columbus, the 30th day of March, A. D. 1883.

JAMES W. NEWMAN,
[SEAL.] Secretary of State.
April 7, 6 mon.

## Inspector's Report.

*To the Hon. Judge of Probate:*

Coshocton county.

SIR:—By authority derived from you, officially bearing date the 2d day of April, 1883, and after being duly sworn according to law, I, James M. Williams, as Inspector, without previous notice or intimation to the County Treasurer, or any other person, of such intention, did forthwith enter into the County Treasury and proceeded immediately to count the moneys therein, and inspect the Books, Records and Vouchers thereof, together with all other property which should be in the custody of the Treasurer. In compliance with the law requiring certificates of such examination, I hereby certify that Five Thousand, Seven Hundred and Seventy-six dollars and 94 cents was the exact amount of money so found and counted in the County Treasury, and that the statement annexed, which agrees with the books of the Auditor, presents the exact balances and over payments in each fund, and of property then in the custody of the Treasurer.

Respectfully submitted,
JAMES M. WILLIAMS, Inspector.

April 3d, 1883.

| Funds. | Am't due from Treasurer. Mar 5, 1883 | Orders Redeemed since Mar 5, 1883 | Balances. | Over-Paid. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| County | $11401 89 | $2233 05 | $9206 89 | ..... |
| Poor | ..... | 298 03 | ..... | $ 1063 75 |
| Bridge | ..... | 1396 97 | ..... | 11971 21 |
| Road | $3306 82 | 1092 50 | 2301 32 | ..... |
| Redemp'n | 7 50 | ..... | 7 50 | ..... |
| Teach's In. | 144 37 | ..... | 144 37 | ..... |
| Dog | 3779 33 | 740 75 | 3038 58 | ..... |
| Pedl's lic'e | 20 44 | ..... | 20 44 | ..... |
| Sub Add'n | 23 08 | ..... | 23 08 | ..... |
| Total | $18883 31 | $5759 90 | $13782 06 | $12434 96 |
| Balance in Treasury | | | $ 2297 10 | |

March 5, 1883, $763 42 was overpaid at semi-annual settlement out of Poor Fund, and $9,971 24 was overpaid at semi-annual settlement out of Bridge Fund.

There is also in the Treasury a certificate for twelve hundred and sixty-three shares of the stock of the P. C. & St. L. Ry. Co., of the amount of $50 each.

There are $8,479 84 in the Treasury as appears by this report for which the Treasurer is not charged, except on the tax duplicate, and which owing to the fact that taxes to that amount have been paid since last semi-annual settlement, March 5, 1883, and not having been distributed among the several funds to which they belong, I am unable to make the showing in my report.


# DAVE & IKE

## CITY HALL CLOTHIERS,

# Don't Forget that Hack,

## THE TAILOR,

Has the Largest Stock, the Greatest and Finest Assortment, the Latest Styles, the Best Goods, and the Lowest Prices of any

# Merchant Tailoring

Establishment in Eastern Ohio.

**Main Street, - - Coshocton, Ohio.**



### REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

AT THE OFFICE OF

**BUCKLEW & MURPHEY.**

MAIN STREET,

COSHOCTON - - - - OHIO

1st. Sold.
2nd. Fine brick residence on Chestnut St., city. Good stable fine location, easy terms.
3rd. Farm in Lafayette tp., along the line of the C. V. Railroad. Well improved, very cheap.
4th. Sold.
5th. Farm in Clark township, 209 acres, at $40 per acre; good time given on back payments.
6th. Sold.
7th. Five lots in Agricultural Society's addition; will sell at a bargain
8th Sold.
9th. Sold.
10th. Lot 209 original plat of Coshocton; cheap.
11th. Sold.
12th. House and lot on Seventh street, Ricketts addition.
13th. Farm in Jefferson township, 80 acres well improved, good buildings, good orchard, 19 acres timber, part bottom land.
14th. House and lot on Sixth street.
15th. Sold.
16th. Sold.
17th Sold
18th. Money loaned at 8 per cent. First mortgage security given. No charge for loaning.
19th. Western land for sale or trade. Improved and unimproved farms in Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and Southern Iowa.
20th. Farm for sale or trade, 200 acres in Madison county, Iowa.
21st. Sold.
22d. Sold.
23d. Titles abstracted, deeds and mortgages written and acknowledged.
24th. House and lot on Chestnut street.
25th. House and lot on Orange street; large two-story frame house, seven rooms. Price $1,400, on easy terms.
26th. Sold.
27th. House and lot in Roscoe Price, $450
28th. Rented.
29th. House and lot on Third street; new frame house, good location.
30th. Rented.
31st. House and lot on Orange street; two-story frame dwelling, a desirable property and good location.
32d. Two-story brick residence in Roscoe, will sell cheap or trade for Coshocton property.
33d. House and lot on Chestnut street, large two-story frame, good location, very cheap.
34th. House and lot on Eleventh street, will sell at one-half original cost.
35th Sold.
36th. Fine residence on Third street, splendid location, nine rooms, terms easy.
37th. A large number of desirable houses and lots in Coshocton, at prices ranging from $700 to $5,000. All who desire to purchase will do well to call at our office, as we have property in every part of Coshocton.
38th. Sold.
39th. Sold.
40th. House and lot on Elm street; good two-story frame house.
41st. House and lot on Poplar street; two-story frame. A fine residence.
42d. Two houses and lots on Second street, will sell both at bargains.
43d. Fine residence on Sycamore street; large two-story frame. A desirable property.
44th. Farm in Franklin township, 120 acres, well improved.
45th. Rented.
46th. $30,000 to loan on good mortgage security.
47th. House and lot in Warsaw, Ohio.
48th. House and large lot in Glasgow, Ohio, for sale at one-tenth of original cost.
49th. Farm in Lafayette township. A desirable home.
50th. All who desire to buy, sell, rent, loan money, borrow money, or MAKE money, will do well to call at our office. More business done than by all other real estate firms in the county combined. All information concerning property or money cheerfully given.



### J. J. BROWER, M. D.

Treats all kinds of Chronic Diseases. Also makes a specialty of the Diseases of Women and Children. Office and residence,

**Corner Walnut St., and Burt Ave., Coshocton.**

Office Hours—From 7 to 9 a. m.; 12 to 2 p. m.; and 5 to 7 p. m. mar17-6m.


### Criminal Terms of the Probate Court

In accordance with the authority given by section 6108 of the Revised Statutes of Ohio, we, the Commissioners of Coshocton county, Ohio, do order that the times of holding the Probate Court for the exercise of criminal jurisdiction in Coshocton county, be fixed as follows: Commencing on the first Monday in January, March, June and December, in each year.

WM. BERRY,
CASIMER LORENZ, } Com'rs.
VINCENT FERGUSON,
October 2, 1882. mar24-3w.


**LAND** Gains a specialty, and WILL PATENTS, ARTIFICIAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. Large Stock, and HIGHEST PRICES paid. Do you want to sell or buy? If so, write to C. W. STEWART, Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C.



## G. B. BARRETT & CO.,

WHOLESALE JEWELERS,

**Pittsburgh, Pa.,**

Have **REMOVED** to much larger and more commodious rooms in "ARBUCKLE BUILDING," Nos. 238 & 240 Liberty Street, (cor Wood St.) A large assortment and a full line of **WATCHES,** CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVER and PLATED WARE, LOOSE and MOUNTED **DIAMONDS,** WATCH MATERIAL, &c., at lowest New York Jobbing Prices. Whole- sale Exclusively.

☞ Remember the change to 238 and 240 Liberty St., (cor. Wood,) next door to Jos. Horne & Co.'s Wholesale Store. apr7-3m.


### MARKETS.

#### Coshocton Prices Current.

*Corrected weekly by D. H. Mortley, Grocer, R. R. Corner.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Apples, green, per bushel | 90 to 100 |
| Apples, dried, per pound | 5 to 6 |
| Butter, per pound | 21 |
| Bacon, sides, per pound | 11 |
| Beans, per bushel | 2 00 to 250 |
| Beeswax, per pound | 15 |
| Chickens, per pair, spring | 40 |
| Corn Meal, per sack | 25 to 50 |
| Dried peaches, pared, per lb | 15 |
| Eggs per dozen | 15 |
| Flour per sack | 1 60 |
| Flour by Patent Process | 1 85 |
| Hams per pound Country | 12 |
| Honey per pound | 15 |
| Lard per pound | 10 |
| Onions, per bushel | 50 |
| Onion Sets, per bush | 2 50 |
| Potatoes per bushel | 75a90 |
| Peaches, dried, per pound | 6to7 |
| Shoulders per pound | 9 |
| Salt per barrel | 1 40 |
| Tallow per pound | 6 to 7 |

Subject to changes during the week.

#### Coshocton Grain Market.

| | |
|---|---|
| WHEAT—Per bushel, white, old | $1 05 |
| WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, old | 1 10 |
| WHEYT—Per Bushel, new | 1 10 |
| CORN—old | 60 |
| OATS— | 42 |
| RYE— | 65 |
| FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX | 6 00 |
| Per Sack, XX | 1 60 |
| MEAL—Per Bushel | 90 |
| BRAN—Per hundred | 1 00 |
| SHORTS— | 1 10 |
| CORN and OATS CHOP— | 1 60 |
| PATENT FLOUR—per sack | 1 80 |

#### East Liberty Live Stock Market

*Corrected Especially for the Coshocton Age by John Herbert, & Co., Live Stock Commission Merchants.*

CATTLE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Extra 1,400 to 1,500 | $6 50@6 75 |
| Good 1,200to 1,300 | 6 00@6 25 |
| Fair 1,000 to 1,100 | 5 50@5 75 |
| Com 800 to 900 | 4 50@5 25 |

HOGS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Tops | $8 00@8 15 |
| Yorkers | 7 50@7 75 |
| Baltimore | 7 80to7 90 |

SHEEP.

| | |
|---|---|
| Extra, 100 to 110 | $6 50@6 75 |
| Good, 90 to 100 | 6 00@6 25 |
| Fair, 80 to 90 | 5 50@5 75 |
| Common, 70 to 80 | 5 00@5 25 |
| Spring lambs | 5 50@7 50 |
| Calves | 5 00@7 50 |

Light run of cattle and hogs. Markets firm. Fair run of sheep and market fairly active.

#### Chicago Grain Market.

| | |
|---|---|
| Wheat | $1 05 |
| Corn | 52 |
| Oats | 48 |
| Rye | 53 |

#### Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton AGE, by R. Beatty, Son & Co., 168 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 1850, receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables. Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce, etc., for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

**Provisions**

PROVISIONS—Ex. S. C. Hams, per bll 12½c; Ex. S C. Shoulders, 9½c; Ex. S C Breakfast Bacon, 12½c; Ex. S. Dried Beef in sets 12½c; Beef Tongues perdozen 7 00; Bacon Shoulders, 8½c; Short Rib Sides, 11 1-2c; Clear Sides, 12; Mess Pork per bbl 19 75 do. Short Cut Family, 40 to 50 pes., in bbl 19 75; Lard, refined summer use in tierces, 11½c; do, in half bbls, 12½ c; do in kegs 13 1-2c do, 5 lb pails 60 lbs in case 12½; do 5 lb pails, 13c; do, ¼ lb pails 15c; do 10 lb pails, 12 3-4c.

**Country Produce.**

APPLES—New, Choice, per bll, 4 00a5 50 good, 3 50a4 00; medium, 2 50a3 00.

APPLE BUTTER—per gal, 50a75c; Apple Jelly, 8a7c per lb.

BUTTER—Dairy, 25a27c; "Gilt Edge," 30a32c; Creamery, 35a37c; Choice Roll, 22a20c; Extra Choice Roll, 25a27c; Medium, 12a15c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 8a9c; do quarters, 8a8½c, Peaches, halves, 6½a7½c; do do, 17a20c; pitted Cherries, 37a39c; Raspberries, 34a35c; Blackberries, 9a10c; per lb for all.

FEATHERS—Live Geese, per lb, 50a60c Mixed, 45a50c.

EGGS—Strictly Fresh, case, 17a18c.

HONEY.—York State 22 to 25; White Clover 20to23; Buckwheat 18a20.

MAPLE SWEETS—Syrup, 100a110 per gal; Sugar, 11a12c per lb; Sugar, gran, 9a10c.

ONIONS—Onions 1 75 a 200 per bbl.

POULTRY—Live Chickens, 85a75c per pair, according to size; Old, 60a70; Dressed Turkeys, 18a20c per lb.; chickens 14a15c per lb. Ducks, 11a10 per lb.; Geese 7a8 per lb.

POTATOES—85to90 per bush.

SALT—No. 1, per bbl, 1 20; Extra, per bbl, 1 25; Dairy, per bbl, 1 50.

RAGS—Cotton, White per lb, 2½c; Cotton, Mixed, 2a2½c; Woolen, 1-1a½c.

SEEDS—Timothy per bushel, 2 00a2 15. Clover, 8 00a7 50, for small; 8 50a8 00 for large.

TALLOW—Country 7a7½c; Beeswax 23a25c per lb.

**Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.**

WHEAT—Prime Red Winter, 1 18a1 20; Medium, 1 15a1 17.

CORN—High mixed Shelled, 51a53; Yellow Shelled, 60a61; Ear Corn, 55a56.

OATS—47a48.

RYE—Choice, 65a70.

BARLEY—80a90 for Prime North-western Spring; 75a80 for Medium.

FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winter, 7a7 75;; Fancy St. Louis, winter, 7 50a7 75 Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, 6 00a6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, 5 25a5 50; XX Family, medium winter, 5 50a5 75 XXX Bakers, Minnesota, 6 00a6 25; XX Bakers Wisconsin, 6 00a6 25; Cornmeal, 65a90c in paper. Oatmeal—medium brand—7 25a7 50 per bbl; Fancy, 7 75 a 8 00. Rye Flour, 4 50a4 75; buckwheat flour 3½a3¾.

MILL FEED—White Middlings, 23 00a22 00; Coarse, do, 16 00a18 00; Seconds, 1000a18 00; Bran, 19 00a20 00; Chopped Feed, 24 00a27 00.

HAY—Prime Timothy baled, at 11 00a12 00 ton; Prime New Loose, 12 00a15 00. Prairie 10 00a10 50.

I keob me a leadle segar sdore,
In tobaggo I haf a geot trade,
On aggount dot I nefer sell gommon,
Bud only der bead vot vas made.
Ven I first sdarded out in der planess
Some beebles gome in efry day
Und ask me, "Vy dond you keep Bull Dog?"
I goudn't make oud vot to say.
Dey dell me, "You bedder keep Bull Dog!",
I not understant vat vas meant;
Der dalk vas so gweer aboud "Bull Dog"
I dink dot dey grazy had vent.
I shud up der sdore in der efening,
Und say to Katrina, my vife,
I make noting oud about "Bull Dog,"
It pothers me oud of my life.
Nexd time I vos asked about "Bull Dog,"
I speaks me righd out breddy blain
Dot I vant no more dalk abound "Bull Dog,"
Unless dot dey gwickly exsplain
Vot dey mean efry morning und efening
Venever dey gome in der sdore
By dalking do me abound "Bull Dog;"
I vant not to hear any more.
Of gourse, den, diregdly dey dold me
Dot "Bull Dog" ot plug vos a prand;
I buy me a box iery gwickly,
Und find id der best in der land.
Und now I am selling id blendy,
Und smile ven dey gome in my sdore
Und ask for a piece of der "Bull Dog,"
For always dey gome afder more.
Dis bleasant and bure is der "Bull Dog,"
Und suits all der chewers who buy;
So now ven dey ask aboud "Bull Dog,"
I gwikly speak oud and reply,
"Oh, yes, I got blendy of "Bull Dog,"
Der best vot vas sold by der drade;
Efry pody vot uses it says so,
'Dis der Finest Tobaggo dots made.



# IMMENSE DISPLAY

AT THE

# BEE-HIVE!

# A BLACK SILK DRESS

TO BE GIVEN AWAY,

Come in and buy ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH of Goods and get a ticket. A letter of Guarantee goes with the silk, warranting it to neither cut nor break.

We shall put some special prices on nearly everything in our store for

# Three Days Only!

| | |
|---|---|
| $1.00 Cashmere for | 90 Cents |
| 80 cent Cashmere for | 70 " |
| 75 " " | 60 " |
| 50 cent Dress Goods for | 35 " |
| 45 do do | 25 " |
| 25 do do | 20 " |
| 20 do do | 1 " |

| | |
|---|---|
| Special prices in | SUMMER SILKS |
| Special prices in | BLACK SILKS |
| Special prices in | WHITE GOODS |
| Special prices in | LACE CURTAINS |
| Special prices in | LAMBREQUINS |
| Special prices in | FANCY PARASOLS |
| Special prices in | SILK UMBRELLAS |

The low prices advertised by the BEE HIVE last week seemed incredulous to a great many, and they called to see if it was a joke. They found

## Goods just as Represented

We sold out some lines of goods sooner than expected, and in order to have the goods later in the week, we telegraphed and had a case here, which we put on sale at the same price. We want the people to understand that we advertise nothing but facts. Call and see.

**BIGGS & CRAWFOR.**


NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®